n Sold by Me Abroad.

DEAL LAMP.

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Gets Hot.

THE

Safest & Coolest

LAMP

EVER MADE.

CANNOT EXPLODE IT

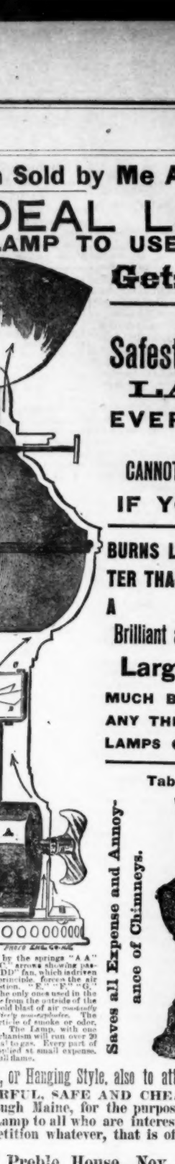
IF YOU TRY.

BURNS LIKE, BUT BETTER THAN GAS, GIVING A

Brilliant and Wonderfully

Large Light,

MUCH BETTER THAN ANY THREE CHIMNEY LAMPS COMBINED.



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Saves all Expense and Annoyance of Chimneys.

WITH PROPER CARE WILL LAST FIVE YEARS

...by the springs "A A" ...ar wrong shows as ...DD" fig. which indicates ...ormicide. Force the air ...ough the gauze. This is ...the only one used in this ...from the outside of the ...old blast of air constantly ...the atmosphere. The ...ttle of smoke or odor. ...The Lamp, with our ...chanism will run over 20 ...rs or more. Every part of ...ded at small expense. ...ll flame.

...or Hanging Style, also to attach to Chandeliers.

...RFUL, SAFE AND CHEAP LAMP.

...ugh Maine, for the purpose of establishing ...amp to all who are interested. Remember ...ition whatever, that is offered to Agents.

...Preble House, Nov. 21. 22, 23, ..., 28; Wiscassett, Nov. 30; Rockport, Bangor House, Dec. 7, 8, 9; ...ulton, Dec. 14, 15, 16; Skowhegan, ...; Lewiston, 23, 24.

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WELCOME SOAP

Never varies, does not contain one particle of the adulterations used to reduce the cost of

PURE GOODS

But DOES possess the FULL VALUE of every Legitimate Washing Quality, which gives it every advantage over Soaps of doubtful character; practically recommended by other manufacturers in imitating it. None should be deceived, however, as the word WELCOME and the Clasped Hands are stamped on every bar.

...RMER

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...ces of first-...e charge ...eman, ...to Execute ...spatch, ...of

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1931eow

State of Maine.

KENNEBEC, ss. SUPERIOR COURT, Dec. T., 1885.

HANNAH WEEKS, *Libl'ee* vs. GEORGE W. WEEKS.

Upon the annexed libel, it is ordered that notice thereof be given to the libelee, by publishing an attested copy of the same, with this order thereon, together with this order thereon, three weeks successively in Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, in said County of Kennebec, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the next term of said Court, to be holden at Augusta within and for said County of Kennebec, on the first Tuesday of February next, that he may then and there appear in said Court and answer to said libel, if he see fit.

(Abstract of Libel.)

The libelant alleges that she was married to the said libelee at Wheelock, in the State of Vermont on the 10th day of March, 1879; that the said libelant and libelee resided in this State after their said marriage; that the libelant realleges the same grounds of cause of divorce accrued as hereinafter set forth, and had resided here in good faith and reasonably to the date hereof; that the libelant has ever been faithful to her marriage obligations, but that the said libelee has been unfaithful to the marriage on the 5th day of June, 1884, he utterly deserted the libelant without reasonable cause and has continued said desertion for three consecutive years next prior to the filing of this libel; that on the 1st day of May, 1884, and on divers other days and times since, the said intermarriage the said libelee committed the crime of adultery; that said libelee since said intermarriage has been addicted to gross and confirmed habits of intoxication; that he has been guilty of abusive treatment and extreme cruelty towards your libelant; that being of sufficient ability he has grossly neglected and refused to provide for her and to provide suitable maintenance for her; that one child has been born to them during their said marriage, now living, viz: Harley S. Weeks, three years. Wherefore she prays that a divorce from the bonds of matrimony between herself and said libelee, may be decreed.

And the libelant further alleges that she has used reasonable diligence to ascertain, the present residence of said libelee, but is unable to do so, and does not know where it is. HANNAH E. WEEKS, *Libelant.*

KENNEBEC, ss., Dec. 1st, 1885.—The said libelant made oath that the above statement by her is true.

Before me, E. W. WHITEHOUSE, *Justice of the Peace.*

A true copy of the order of notice, with abstract of libel. ATTEST: A. C. WING, *Clerk.*

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KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1885.*

LOTTIE G. LANE, widow of WILLIAM L. LANE, late of Readfield, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased—

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said county, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of December next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of December, 1885.*

DANIEL WYMAN, Administrator on the estate of EDWARD G. WYMAN, late of Winslow, in said County deceased, having presented his first account of administration on said estate for allowance—

ORDERED: That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of ROSCOE B. RICHMOND, late of Sidney, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to NATHAN W. TAYLOR.

Nov. 25, 1885. 3*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPH PRESCOTT, late of Readfield, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to E. S. CASE.

Nov. 25, 1885. 3*

THE MAINE FARMER,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

BADGER & MANLEY.

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TERMS: $2 Per Annum, in Advance.

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OFFICERS OF MAINE STATE GRANGE.

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MRS. [illegible], Auburn.....TREASURER.
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VOL. LIV. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1885. No. 6.

The suggestion is made in *Orchard and Garden*, that the Kieffer pear "colors up so" because it has to blush for its worthlessness.

The American Ornithologists' Union officially recommend that all public fostering of the English sparrow be stopped; that its introduction into new localities be prohibited by law, and that all existing laws for its protection be repealed, and bounties offered for its destruction.

Armour & Co., the great pork packers, did a business last year amounting to $102,000,000. Their packing houses are located in Chicago, Milwaukee and Kansas City. Swift & Co., beef packers, do a business of $50,000,000. Every day they kill 1600 head of beeves.

Pennsylvania has a stringent oleomargarine law, prohibiting the manufacture or sale of the article, either as butter, or on its own merits, and under its own name. The constitutionality of the statute, which was called in question, has just been sustained by the court in a test case.

There were three farms entered for best system of farm management in the limits of Sagadahoc County Agricultural Society: those of J. P. Cobb, Bowdoinham; W. S. Rogers, Topsham, and S. L. Holbrook, Brunswick. The competitors have made wonderful improvements. The awards have not yet been made. Probably the competition will be opened to others another year.

Some enterprising farmers of Knox County, Ohio, have organized a society to establish a live stock exchange at Mount Vernon in that State. The meetings will be held once a month and are much like English market fairs. Sellers and buyers meet here and sales are made with great saving of travel on part of the buyer, and generally with an increased price to the seller above what he would realize if buyers had to travel around the country to get a supply.

Nearly 15,000 Patrons sacredly banded together to elevate the standard of manhood and womanhood in the ranks of the tillers of the soil, and steadfastly endeavoring to protect the rights and promote the interests of that class of the people from whom their members are made up, must be a power among us so long as they work in harmony and their action is controlled by wisdom. Yet they are not to be feared, for the history of the world shows there is safety in the hands of the farmers.

The farmers of Connecticut have brought forward Hon. J. M. Hubbard of Middletown, for Speaker of the assembly. Mr. Hubbard is a successful farmer and a member of the Board of Agriculture; is a man of education and ability, and every way qualified for the position. The Patrons of Husbandry have rallied to his support, and altogether there is a lively canvass going on. A prominent lawyer is the candidate against him. If the farmers can pull together and stick to it as well as the lawyers, they stand a good chance to win. Will they do it? They havn't been in the way of doing it in the past.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is to put on a fast potato train to bring North the sweet tubers from Southern cellars. Heater cars are being fitted for the service, and the prospective scarcity of Irish potatoes in New York and some other sections, is stimulating the demand for sweet potatoes from the South.. It is among the possibilities of the near future that during the winter season, railway express trains will reach into the extreme South, and bring to the North the fresh, out-door garden truck and fruit, the sweet potatoes and the oysters, perhaps to exchange for Northern ice, apples, hay, choice beef, mutton and fresh butter.

It is a gratifying fact, and much to the credit of the order in our State, that up to the present time entire harmony has prevailed between all of the branches of Husbandry. The membership is made up, of course, of individuals representing different political parties and holding strong party preferences, yet as workers in the Grange, all party feeling is laid aside and the work goes on in entire harmony, all laboring for the common cause of the farmer. How much better this than to be differing over matters of no immediate concern. The Grange is leading farmers to look after affairs in which all have a common interest, and is giving them the ability to do it.

Sheep need care and attention in winter as well as other stock. They should be kept quiet and undisturbed. Let them have a run entirely by themselves, and better if it is out of sight where they will not be disturbed by any one only at feeding time, or when needing other attention. As much as possible let this attention be given by the same person. They should be sheltered from all storms, whether of snow or rain. This is important. It is not important that their quarters be warm, but they must be dry, and the sheep must be kept dry. Sheep dislike the wind, so their quarters should be protected from drafts of air, and they should at no time be compelled to remain exposed to winds in the open yard. In still weather and sunny days they like the open air best, and then they should have it. Strict attention to the wants of a flock will bring them out in spring in good condition.

Sheep and Wool.

The wool market is quiet, yet it is firm, with the substantial advance recently made fully maintained. Every movement wherever made and of whatever character tends toward a better condition than has prevailed for some time past. Stock of medium wools are very much reduced. Recently there has been an advance in England of this grade. There is little doubt that the stock of domestic clip is insufficient to meet the wants of manufacturers, and, with the price higher abroad, there must come a further advance here. This may be neither very sudden nor very marked, yet the tendency all the while is toward a season of better things for the wool grower.

Owners of flocks should not, from the tendency of prices of wool at the present time, be too hopeful of the immediate future, and expect prices to jump to a high extreme at once. There is no outlook whatever for an extreme price, sudden or otherwise. But there is an indication that prices may advance to a point which shall place wool growing on a more substantial foundation than for a few years past, and, indeed, there has already been advance enough for this. Good flocks may be held with an expectation of reasonably satisfactory returns from them.

The time has by no means come when flocks should be held regardless of the quality of the invividual animals composing them. True, ordinary and inferior sheep have as little selling value as they have selling demand, but their really good flocks to choice stock and none other. First class animals, now in good condition, carried through the winter with all the attention their wants demand, will give reasonable returns for the outlay.

While the price of wool is comparatively low, it must be borne in mind that the price of the meat product is also low, and that the present value, as well as the prospective income, from flocks, is seriously affected from this feature alone. It need not therefore be expected that an advance in wool is going to restore the full depreciation in the value of the sheep or the shrinkage in the income from them. This can only come from an advance all along the line. Still sheep are no more affected by the low prices of meat than are other meat producing animals. So that, as compared with other stock, the sheep business has an encouraging outlook from whatever standpoint it is viewed.

Potato Scab.

A subscriber of the *Farmer* inquires the cause of "scab" on potatoes, and wishes us to give a preventive or remedy. There are many farmers who would like the same information, and we would be glad indeed to give it if we were in possession of the information. Although having grown potatoes from boyhood up, we are now willing to admit that we know but little about them, save that at times they are scabby, and sometimes will rot. What makes the situation still worse, it seems that others are in about the same state of ignorance. With the intelligence there is among men, it would seem that by this time that known facts and defined lines of action ought to have been laid down as a plain guide for others to follow. Instead, however, farmers are still querying whether to plant deep or shallow, level or hill up, and whether to seed light or heavy, plant whole potatoes or cut, seed ends or butts, and whether to grow in hills or drills. Occasionally a man is found who knows, (or thinks he does,) how some parts of this work should be done, and his next neighbor knows just as certainly that the opposite is the right way. Whether any one will ever know how to grow a hill of potatoes is a question for the future.

In relation to the cause of scab, we are all just as much at sea. The scab appears, and the farmer who grew the potatoes jumps into print and claims this or that treatment the cause. The next year a like treatment fails to develop a trace of it. A plus and a minus cancel each other and we go on with no further knowledge. In an able paper on Cultivation of the Potato, read at the winter meeting of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture the other day, by Edmund Hersey of Hingham, the writer set it down that "the cause of scab is a conundrum." There were lots of discussion among the farmers present over the cause, and after the contradictory testimonies had all been given in, the conclusion was that, even there, in old Massachusetts, no one knew anything about it.

Sometimes green barn manure coming in contact with the potatoes in the hill, has the appearance of causing the rough unsightly spots. The application of ashes in the hill is quite generally claimed to cause the same defect, where so used. These causes, however, if correct, do not account for all cases. The conundrum must continue unsolved till more is known of it than at the present time.

Fatten Pigs Young.

It has been so many times proved as to have become a fixed fact that growing animals make more growth in proportion to feed consumed, when young, than at any later period of life. Another striking illustration of this fact, in the case of growing pigs, was shown in experiments recorded at the Massachusetts Experiment Station, as reported in the bulletin for October. Three lots of pigs were fed in four different periods and accurate records kept of the results. The following table is the record of actual results in the case of pigs No. 10, 11 and 12.

	Live weight of animal at beginning of Feeding Period, in Pounds.	Gain in Live Weight during Period, in Pounds.	100 lbs. of dry matter, in digestible form, required to produce one pound of live weight as cit.	Cost of feed for producing 100 lbs. of live weight as cit.
No. 10. I. Feeding Period	48.5	30.0	82.0	2.13
II. " "	96.5	50.0	59.2	3.01
III. " "	152.0	57.0	39.1	4.90
IV. " "	209.0	57.0	23.8	6.13
No. 11. I. Feeding Period	45.5	28.5	77.9	2.25
II. " "	89.5	44.0	48.5	3.26
III. " "	136.0	46.5	35.4	4.52
IV. " "	191.0	53.0	22.1	6.60
No. 12. I. Feeding Period	48.0	30.0	82.0	2.13
II. " "	97.5	49.5	54.5	3.01
III. " "	147.5	50.0	36.4	4.36
IV. " "	216.0	68.5	28.6	5.10

These figures plainly illustrate the advantages of early and rapid growth, and people who are in the practice of feeding hogs up to a weight of five or six hundred pounds will do well to study them.

Cheese and Butter—Which, Either, or Both?

This has been the subject under discussion among the patrons and trustees of the Readfield factory for some time, and it is not yet settled. The low price of cheese and the unsettled state of the market has had its effect to shake confidence in cheese making, and the farmers are looking for some other means of getting profit from their cows. Then, again, the factory has not been patronized as it should be, and this has had its effect.

After carefully reviewing the ground, the trustees, or a committee from them, visited Turner creamery and returned enthusiastic on the subject of butter making. Now the proposition is to introduce machinery for making butter, provided the farmers will pledge their support in the way of cream. With the close competition in the market, the immense quantities of inferior butter made, and the still larger quantity of the bogus article, there remains but one course for our farmers and dairymen, and that is to coöperate and put upon the market the best that can be made at the lowest possible cost. This can only come by farmers joining the forces as men of other business do—pooling their issues, and thus do away with middle men and commission houses.

The lines are drawing closer each year in all departments of trade, and it is only by the combinations possible, through associated effort, that a fair margin of profit can be secured.

The butter factory at Readfield is a necessity, and those who need it most have only to pledge their support for it to be forthcoming. With this factory at our doors, and the sweet skim milk to feed upon the farm, there is a chance to increase our stock, add to our acres, feed our lands more plant food, secure better crops, and, more than all these, lift a portion of the burdens from the already over-taxed housewife. Through associated effort these results are rendered almost certain, while, by scattering our forces, there can be no concert of action and profits will be reduced.

New Hampshire Agricultural College.

The State Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts have nowhere been successful when connected in any way with other institutions. The wisdom of the industrial interests of our own State, in demanding and securing an independent institution, was never more apparent than now. While our college has been gradually and surely going on to better things, those differently organized have failed to meet the wants of those for whom they were specially designed. The New Hampshire College was made a sort of a side show to old Dartmouth; and while its identity was not wholly absorbed, as was the case in some States, yet it has not proved quite satisfactory to those who ought to be looked upon as its best friends.

Recently the matter of a divorce from Dartmouth, and a removal to some other locality, independent of any other institution has been strongly agitated, and is yet at work. At the last legislative session, a committee was authorized to make examination into the matter and make report at a future time. The committee has been appointed and they now have the matter under consideration. What the result will be does not yet appear, yet it is certain that the experience of all the years since the endowment of these institutions, has gone to prove the far greater usefulness of the independent colleges.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Raw Phosphate Rock.

The question whether phosphate rock is available as a fertilizer without treating it with acid and thereby making a superphosphate, has for some years been a subject of dispute. Those taking the negative side of the question maintain that in its raw condition it is impossible for plants to assimulate it, and that therefore it has no more fertilizing power than so much sand. Some experiments made in various parts of the country have, however, led to a different conclusion. I have, myself, had some experience, which may be worth relating.

In the winter of 1882-4, I was casting about for some means of fertilizing my orchards. It seemed to me that fine-ground phosphate rock promised favorable results, and I ordered five tons of it, at $23 per ton, delivered in Readfield, with the intention of using it as a top dressing around my apple trees, all of which stood then in grass. Had I carried out this intention, I doubt not that I should have met with a total failure, so far as immediate results were concerned. I was saved from this disappointment by the counsel of Dr. Hoskins, who told me that he had had no success with any phosphates when used as a top dressing. From my neighbor, Charles Pope, I also learned of similar failures in Manchester.

I therefore abandoned my first plan, and applied the phosphate rock at the rate of 800 to 1600 pounds per acre, to plowed ground, the most of which was without any other fertilizing, soon after seeded to clover. The result was favorable in every case. These fields are all of very poor land which had been in grass. I do not think it would have been possible to get even a moderate crop of clover on these plats without some manure. As the phosphate rock it made a very handsome growth. A piece that attracted a great deal of attention from passers by, received phosphate rock at the rate of 1600 pounds (costing about $19) per acre. I have seen these practical farmers how much stable manure I should have had to apply to such ground to induce an equally good growth of clover, and they estimated it at not less than eight cords, which would cost me, who had to buy, some forty dollars per acre. But this estimate is correct, I have fertilized my field at half cost, and the price which I paid per pound by means of the local societies at which phosphate rock can be bought. It seems, as far as I have tried, that on my farm phosphoric acid is the ingredient of which the soil is most in need, and that for the present it will do to apply phosphate without potash, while for clover and similar crops we can dispense with nitrogen also. As a top-dressing on grass and clover the phosphate rock has failed with me as with others, and I have received bone black; but both of these when used in connection with potassic fertilizers on the surface produced a luxuriant growth of clover, where clover plants were present, though without effect on grass.

Though my experiments have been too much in the rough to enable me to make exact comparisons of the efficiency of phosphate rock and other fertilizers, I am fully convinced that it will pay me to use the former extensively, at least on land that I am seeding to clover, and I recommend farmers to try it, both alone and in connection with potash, so as to determine whether potash is also in such scanty supply in their soil as to call for applications of it. I mention sulphate of potash because the muriate of potash, which is often used and recommended, has proved with me to be quite inert under circumstances where the sulphate produced a decided effect. CHAS. G. ATKINS.

Manchester.

For the Maine Farmer.

Something About Farmers' Wives.

Mr. Editor: For sometime back I have seen much in the columns of the *Maine Farmer* concerning husbands' duties to their wives. Taking their version of it, they seem to be the only injured party; but we must look on both sides to get a straight view of the matter. Now what I am about to say may seem a little radical, but I only speak of what I have seen in the Eastern States, and some of the Western States, besides my experience in European countries. The first chord I would touch is extravagance. Is there a small farmer within a house fit up like a prince, or millionaire. Well, that is right enough if he can afford it; but he can't. How do you know? Because I have seen his stock in the barn; he has a good horse, a good buggy and sleigh. But the other stock, goods and chattels, etc., are a disgrace to any farmer; why don't he try to put a better stock on his place? He can't; it takes every cent he can scrape to keep up the grandeur of his house. Mrs. Smith has got a new carpet, or paper, on her best room; we must have the same. So whitewash the outbuildings, and the No side of the barn, she forgets what it is like. The next chord I would touch on is the lack of real sympathy and helpfulness of the farmer's wife to the farmer. In the busiest season of the year, seed or harvest time, the farmer has to get up and build a fire, milk the cows, feed the hens, get the wood and water, and do all his chores, and then get his meal. In many ends, which may possibly hinder him two hours from his rightful calling in the field. The same routine awaits him when he comes home at night, after sweltering with a burning sun all day. No wonder the farmer's boys want to get clear of farm work as soon as they can, and no wonder mothers have so many marriageable girls they want to get wed; they are trained to be lazy and useless idleness. The young farmer is better without a wife than with one of those. You cannot get a hired girl to build the fire in the morning, milk the cows, feed the hens, carry out a stick of wood, or a pail of water; what does any one want to hire help for? But they can drive as fast a horse on the road as any man. Is this the way our forefathers and grandfathers brought up us? Readers, I will leave it to your own judgment. Go out west to Minnesota, where civilization is as good as in our own State, and you will find the farmer's daughters spreading manure in the fields and holding the plough. Now that is a little too much even for my liberal views on the matter, though I cannot say that it impairs their health or beauty in the least. They have no doubt to do at home without going into the fields. Now you take the good old homes of Scotland; the wives and daughters take the whole charge of the dairy, the poultry and the garden, and are models indeed. A good wife there would take it as an insult to have a man working around in her house the way we do here.

Now, gentle reader, do not misunderstand me. I believe in the pride of a general rule, and do not forget that circumstances alter cases. Where the farmer can afford a fine house or hire enough hands to do his work, ease and luxury is all right. But there is a run down in the scale, and stock fading away before your eyes, wives, I pray you do not crave extra fixings for yourselves, your daughters, or your house, but turn your attention to the milking of your cows, tending of your poultry yard and young calves, teach and train your daughters to do likewise. There will be less time for visiting and other frivolous things, but business before pleasure. Your husband and boys will have two or three hours more work done on the farm every day. Please give it a trial. I have seen the results and can strongly recommend it.

SYLVANDER.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Penobscot Crop of Wheat.

Mr. Editor: Seeing a report of an Aroostook crop of wheat, and also one from Somerset, I decided to report one from Penobscot county, believing it would make as good a showing as any reported yet and perhaps a little better. The past season I raised from a little less than two acres, (1 9-10 by measurement) 83½ bushels, heaping machine measure, of Lost Nation wheat, from four bushels seed. This piece of ground was planted to potatoes year before last and was plowed in the fall, and last spring a liberal coat of barn cellar manure was applied and thoroughly harrowed in; this was the only fertilizing material used. This we call a little extra, although we seldom fail to raise 35 bushels to the acre. We also raised 293 bushels of oats and mixed grain from five and one-half acres. CHAS. COPELAND.

Brewer.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

Increase of Orcharding.

[On the 7th of December, the West Winthrop Farmers' Club discussed the question, "Shall the Farmers of West Winthrop increase their Orcharding? If so, how shall it be done?" By invitation, Elliott Wood, Esq., read the following paper.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen: In accepting your invitation to be with you this evening, for which I heartily thank you, I cannot promise to impart to you anything new in fruit raising. The farmers of West Winthrop are too intelligent to receive instruction from me. The most I can hope to do is to tell you how I have achieved success in growing apples. But before I do this I wish to say a word on the question under discussion this evening: "Shall the farmers of West Winthrop increase their orcharding? If so, how shall it be done?" To this question I wish to say emphatically, yes. Taken as a whole, you can do it and do it easily. Some of you may have all the trees you can care for well. If so, you ought to have no more. My reasons for answering this question affirmatively, briefly stated, are these: You are geographically located in the centre of a country where the Baldwin apple matures to perfection, and the Maine Baldwin is the best market apple in the world. Other varieties may sell for a larger price per barrel, but no orchard of a given size in this region, will bring to its owner so much money as will the Baldwin orchard. Other sections of the country may raise as good specimens, but nowhere do they mature in such perfection and have the quality of keeping in good condition until March and April, as do Baldwins grown in Maine. Take this schoolhouse for a centre, and draw a circle of twenty-five miles to the circumference, and within that circle of fifty miles in diameter are raised more than half the Baldwins produced in this state.

The orchard product of Kennebec county, nearly all of which lies within this circle, in the year 1884 amounted to $186,827, and a large majority of this large sum was derived from the Baldwin. This circle would include the northern part of Androscoggin county and a portion of Oxford, where much attention is being paid to the cultivation of the apple.

Again, we have hillside just across the ravine to the west with its strong, moist soil has proved to you by actual results that it will produce apples in unlimited quantity, and your own farms like it. Here are more or less excellent land for growing apples. It would seem then for your interests to utilize this land by planting more trees, giving your attention largely to this in preference to anything else. Plant more. Plant your trees in your old rocky pasture or in your fields where the soil is rich and moist and beside your fences, and be sure and set good native trees and no others, for a poor tree is dear at any price, even as a gift. After setting them, keep them well trimmed, free from borers, well manured and you are sure of good returns. My experience in orcharding began in February, 1870. I bought a few trees, one and one-fourth miles west of Winthrop village, on the same ridge of land on which your best orchards are located. This land was a mowing field with a deep, moist, rocky soil inclined to the east. In May, 1871, I set one hundred and twenty trees, purchased of Oakes Howard, Esq., grown in a nursery near his valuable orchard. In May, 1872, I set 150 from the same source, and completed setting in May, 1873, with 45; every tree lived. Soon after setting I spread around the trees a light coat of manure and kept the grass down by hoeing. In pruning I have aimed to keep the top somewhat open by cutting nearly all limbs that grew toward the centre, and have made great effort to head them low. A low topped tree will bear much better than one up high in the air, is less liable to injure its fruit by strong winds and is more easily picked.

I do not intend in pruning to use anything but an ordinary knife, choosing to cut the limbs while small with a knife to be formed at will. If, however, a larger limb needs to be removed, I do not hesitate to use the saw. To conquer the borer I use a pruning knife, examining every tree in June and July in September and in this way if you are careful, you can kill the pests before they eat through the bark. It sometimes happens that one will escape your vigilance and work his way clear into the heart of a tree where he can stop only to be reached by a small wire or a large cut. After my trees had become well rooted, and had started well to growing, I grafted them in the limbs where they were of sufficient size but mostly by taking off the entire top. I also made it a point never to have more than two or three limbs branch from the main stock, as more renders the tree liable to split down when it comes to bearing. My cions were cut in November, packed in moist sawdust and stored in a damp cellar, thus preventing winter-killing and the loss of many trees by the cions not living. For two or three years after setting the trees, I cut the grass in the orchard, and hauled it away. Finding as you will imagine, that my trees did not thrive as I desired they should, I cut the grass early, and raked it about the trees, thus giving them a heavy mulching sufficient in many cases to kill the sward, and this at once caused the trees to grow rapidly, giving them a heavy, dark green foliage, and a large growth of wood. I flattered myself I had discovered the secret of raising apples easily and cheaply. I bought a book to grow trees and raise apples by simply cutting the grass which the land produced, and mulch the trees with it. And I still think it is a good way to grow young trees. When the trees get to be quite old and begin to bear, they require more food than can be furnished by the land itself. This must be supplied from some source, and nothing has proved better than barnyard manure applied liberally. It might be better to work it in under the soil, but it works well to spread it on under the trees.

Two years ago finding a hay mulch was not sufficient, that the trees were not growing and bearing as well as they ought, and to be a source of profit. I bought fifteen cords of stable manure and mulched them with this, dealing with them very liberally out as to a stick of wood a pail of water; what does any one want to hire help for? But they can drive as fast a horse on the road as any man. Is this the way our forefathers and grandfathers brought up us? Readers, I will leave it to your own judgment. Go out west to Minnesota, where civilization is as good as in our own State, and you will find the farmer's daughters spreading manure in the fields and holding the plough. Now that is a little too much even for my liberal views on the matter, though I cannot say that it impairs their health or beauty in the least. They have no doubt to do at home without going into the fields. Now you take the good old homes of Scotland; the wives and daughters take the whole charge of the dairy, the poultry and the garden, and are models indeed. A good wife there would take it as an insult to have a man working around in her house the way we do here.

Now, gentle reader, do not misunderstand me. I believe in the pride of a general rule, and do not forget that circumstances alter cases. Where the farmer can afford a fine house or hire enough hands to do his work, ease and luxury is all right. But there is a run down in the scale, and stock fading away before your eyes, wives, I pray you do not crave extra fixings for yourselves, your daughters, or your house, but turn your attention to the milking of your cows, tending of your poultry yard and young calves, teach and train your daughters to do likewise. There will be less time for visiting and other frivolous things, but business before pleasure. Your husband and boys will have two or three hours more work done on the farm every day. Please give it a trial. I have seen the results and can strongly recommend it.

SYLVANDER.

For the Maine Farmer.

Aroostook Agricultural Society.

REPORT OF SECRETARY.

The low ebb to which the condition of our Society had reached determined the friends of it to make more efforts than heretofore that the exhibit of this season should be a better representation of our resources and doings.

The plan of going to Linneus for this year's show and fair proved successful in a high degree. The entries were more numerous, and a heartier taking hold in general was witnessed. It served to show that if we could secure a suitable central location we might do things adequate to our natural resources. The new interest awakened may be set down as the leading feature of the occasion. It has become so evident that to advance the cause of agriculture we must have grounds and track, that at the semi-annual meeting a loan was raised to secure such grounds. The high cost of land in Houlton makes a difficulty, but the hope is to avoid that by leasing or paying rent by the day to persons who will provide the proper accommodations.

Under the circumstances it is no matter of wonder that the special premiums directed by the Board of Agriculture were not competed for, or that the entries for crops were not made. We had good crops the past season of all our standard kinds. Potatoes were of excellent quality, particularly the new varieties. The days of "Houlton Rose" seem about passed, the Beauty of Hebron outselling it all the way along. The culture of wheat as well as buckwheat is not as common as some years ago. Oats were a good crop this year. Peas and oats also yielded good returns. These with barley are the staple crops of grain.

Our communities suffer for the lack of systematic efforts in breeding cattle. Outside of the Bennet herd of Jerseys at Linneus there is no man who has a herd of any kind of pure blood. Spasmodic attempts are made and soon abandoned. There is no thoroughbred bull below the Aroostook river except two or three Jerseys, and they are not suited to the needs of most farmers' cows. Still individuals are thinking somewhat of doing more than has been done, but then the question arises what stock to take hold of. The Durham has always been a favorite blood, and brother the Holstein can win his place in public esteem is not known. Our farmers are not converts as yet to winter dairying, and with our unrivaled pastures it is unlikely they will change their practice soon.

The example of the Provincial Government of New Brunswick in bringing the choicest of sires for the flocks and herds, and distributing them in districts for use within their limits, has led many of our men to wish our State authorities would imitate them. It has been said that the Orono investment might lead to good effect in such a line as that.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

The Best Results of Dairying.

[Read by Mrs. J. Henry Moore before the Winthrop Grange, No. 398, P. of H.]

Worthy Master: The question given me to answer reads as follows: "What rules must be observed, and what care is essential, to assure the best results in our dairy." I have had but little experience in dairying, but am ready and willing to give opinion how first-class butter should be made.

Select your cows with reference to the quantity and richness of the milk produced. The best cows are the cheapest for butter, so get the best you can of whatever breed you select. Give them good pasturage in summer, and plenty of pure water, with shelter from storms in winter, feed sweet early-cut hay, and a ration of bran, corn meal, ground oats, or middlings.

Have the best implements, and keep them scrupulously clean, well scalded, and often exposed to the sweetening influence of the sun. A reliable thermometer is a necessity to every good dairyman. The milking should be done quietly and at regular times, and the utmost cleanliness observed. Nothing is tainted quicker than milk by foul odors, therefore the utmost care must be observed. Set your milk in the Ferguson Bureau Creamery, following the directions given with the apparatus. Use plenty of ice in hot weather, and you will always get the best cream. Keep the Bureau at 60°, and the cream will have all risen and been properly matured in from 36 to 48 hours. Churn as soon as the milk begins to turn sour. Do not neglect this rule, as it is impossible to make good butter from cream that has become old and sour. When you pour your cream into the cream jar, splash a little cold water in it, and do the same every time you add more to it, and wipe the sides of the jar. Keep the temperature at about 60°, and the cream jar in the coolest part of the house, covered with a fine gauze, or netting, not with a tight cover. If covered too tight, fermentation is often too rapid.

Use the Stoddard or "barrel" churn. Churn often, as there is nothing gained by long-keeping. Bring the temperature of the cream in the churn to 58°, and not allow it to rise above 64°. Churn early in the morning while it is cool. First, scrub the churn; turn a few times, then pour off and pour in cold water; pour this off and pour in your cream. In churning, revolve with an easy, regular motion, not too fast nor too slow. The butter should come in about forty minutes, a little more or a little less, if the temperature of the cream when put in was about 58°, ascertained by the thermometer. When it has "broken," and there is a difficulty to make the butter gather, throw in some cold water and give a few more turns. The best butter-makers of to-day wash their butter with cold water before removing from the churn. Gather your butter with the paddle, and lift it out into the tray; press it gently and incline it, and let the buttermilk run off. Then put it into the butter-worker, using the lever butter-worker, and work the butter only once to the pound, or to the taste of good customers; only with the best salt, and free from lumps and coarseness. Work the butter only so much as to expel the buttermilk, but not to make it dry. Print in one pound cakes in a good cool place. After standing twelve or twenty-four hours, re-work, care being used not to work it too much.

Put your butter up in any form your customers demand, any fancy way, only get a price to pay you for your trouble. I print mine two pounds at a time, in half pound prints. I can print ten pounds in five minutes easy. If the new beginners follow these rules and keep doing so, they will soon command the highest figures. Cleanliness and common sense applied from the beginning to the end, are absolutely necessary to have good butter that will bring the highest price in the market.

Winthrop. MRS. J. HENRY MOORE.

For the Maine Farmer.

Working Together.

There is nothing more important to the farming class than coöperation, and nothing that is harder to work out in practical results. Much has been said and written upon this subject, yet it is at present hardly understood. A great saving might be made in the cost of marketing by several farmers combining and empowering the best business man among them to do all the selling and buying. There is too great a waste of industrial force at present which should be utilized through coöperative, instead of individual effort.

In a small village that we have in mind, there are five grocery stores and each maintains a delivery team. One man and horse would do all the work now done by the five, thus making a saving of four men, four horses and four wagons. Can we buy any counterpart of this in our farming operations? One good market man will, with a good team, haul and sell the products of a half dozen

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Dec. 24, 1885.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name *of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞ Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

FRIEND J. H. PRATT will call upon our subscribers in Waldo County during January and February.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG will call upon our subscribers in Aroostook County during January and February.

C. S. AYER will call on our subscribers in York county during January and February.

Notice to Delinquent Subscribers.

We are now making up the accounts of the subscribers to the MAINE FARMER, WHO ARE INDEBTED FOR THE PAPER FROM THE YEARS 1878-79-80 TO THE PRESENT TIME, to be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. Opportunity will be given to all who are thus in arrears, to make payment to our agents, or to this office, at our advertised rates, on or before January 1, 1886. If delayed beyond that date, the accounts will be left for collection.

The Kennebec river is solid, and handsome ice is forming.

The trustees of the National Soldiers' Home will ask Congress for an appropriation for the next year of $208,028 for the National Home at Togus.

Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Barbour, well known in this State, pastor of Yale College and professor in the theological department, fell on an icy pavement Friday night, and broke his hip.

The Grange address of Gov. Robie has received commendation from the public press—not only agricultural, but general, and his reelection to a third term is gratifying to all concerned.

Prof. C. H. Fernald of the State College, will contribute to the *American Naturalist* the coming year. Prof. Fernald is an able writer and is a recognized authority on natural history subjects.

The *Hallowell Register* says: A college friend with us this week who has twice held lucrative positions in the most flourishing part of the West, declares positively that New England is the best part of the country for home and health, and that nothing will again tempt him to settle again in that haven of uneasy mortals.

The advantages of advertising are strikingly illustrated in the order just received by Mr. S. R. Niles, the Boston advertising agent, for one insertion of an advertisement in one publication for $2000. This is probably the largest order ever given for one insertion of an advertisement and shows the extent to which advertising is done by those who appreciate its breadth.

The local entertainment committee for the Legislative reunion, has issued a notice, requesting all persons desiring entertainment during the reunion and unable to secure rooms at the hotels, to send their names to Hiram C. Heath, of Augusta, on or before December 28th. Josiah H. Drummond of Portland, is to be toastmaster of the occasion.

The State Fair trustees met at the Elm House in Lewiston, last week. They transacted routine business and closed up some unfinished items. President Prince says that the return to a limit of four days instead of five, as the duration of the fair, is out of deference to the cattle men, who cannot well bring their stock to Lewiston on Saturday.

Although it was evidently a piece of extravagance, as it looked handsomely before, the *Republican Journal*, Belfast, has treated itself to a new dress of type, and appears superbly. Edited by one of the most versatile and experienced newspaper men in the State, Mr. C. A. Pilsbury, the *Journal* has long been recognized as one of the leading county papers in the State. The *Farmer* wishes it continued success.

A dispatch to the Associated Press states that B. Frank Spinney & Co., shoemakers of Lynn, who do from $1,000,000 to $,500,000 worth of business annually, will remove to Maine. The Labor Union dictation, which the firm pronounces as unusually severe on them, has resulted in their coming to the conclusion to remove their entire business to Maine. Labor Unions will center their fight on Spinney & Co. at Norway.

Costly homes are not needed for comfort. Indeed, in them is not always found as much genuine happiness as there is in a humble cottage of only three or four rooms. Kindness and contentment do more to make homes happy than gold. Some of the palatial homes doubtless are built to gratify pride, but that object is not always accomplished because, however fine and costly a home may be, somebody is sure to build a finer and costlier one.

Mr. Edward Stanwood of Boston, a native of Augusta, class of '61, Bowdoin College, in accordance with the choice of the class, has issued a call for a meeting of the class to observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of its graduation, at Bowdoin College, Commencement week, next summer. The class numbered 51 members at graduation. Among the members are Judge Emery of the Supreme Court of this State and Prof. A. S. Packard of Brown University.

At the present term of the Superior Court in this county, William Paine, a veteran soldier, was indicted and tried for robbing an inmate of the National Home at Togus. Although there was strong evidence against him, the government failed to convict, and he was discharged. He was an outcast and without money, and his fare on the cars was paid to Boston. On Tuesday evening, the body of Paine, easily identified, was found floating in Boston Harbor. The probabilities are that he committed suicide.

There is a prisoner in Portland jail who was, twenty-nine months ago, sentenced to twenty-four months' imprisonment. His counsel, believing he could procure a setting aside of the verdict, has for over two years been at work upon it, at a large expense to his client, who in the meantime languishes behind the bars. He might have been at liberty five months ago, but his counsel advised him not to accept this imprisonment as any part of his sentence. So if the law courts decide against him, he will yet have two years in prison, thanks to the poor law given him by a poor lawyer.

The demand of Ireland for a parliament is to be conceded, and probably without unnecessary delay. The younger and more progressive men of both of the great parties have foreseen this, and Mr. Gladstone is likely to become premier with the support of Parnellites, secured by promises to present and advocate a bill yielding enough to pacify, if not satisfy, them. It will probably be a parliament fashioned after the Canadian assembly, except that the members of both branches may be elective. Its acts will be subject, undoubtedly, to a veto by the imperial parliament or by the sovereign. There are many Irishmen who will not be content with no greater change than is outlined above, but it will satisfy Mr. Parnell.

Every night at 6 o'clock, four of Pinkerton's detectives, armed with heavy navy revolvers, take the place of three similarly armed men, who during the afternoon have been on guard at the tomb of William H. Vanderbilt. Other guards are concealed in the bushes, while the roads are well watched. Some of the precautions taken are such that an account of them cannot be published. The niche in the vault in which the coffin of the dead millionaire is placed is connected with an electric alarm, and even if a tunnel could be driven to the tomb, any attempt to remove the body, or any tampering with the wires, would be made known immediately at the headquarters of the detectives. A registering alarm clock has been placed near the gate of the vault, and at short intervals the guard is required to register.

The Christmas Tide.

It was a cold winter day upon the Judean hills and plains, just before the ushering in of the Christian era. The important yet world-encircling events of that period are briefly yet tenderly described in Holy Writ. The imagination may fill in the grand picture. Some two miles southeast of Jerusalem stretched a plain, separated from the town by an intervening swell of the mountain. A number of shepherds, seeking fresh pasturage for their flocks, led them up to this plain. When the sun went down that December night, everything was safe in the fold; then the shepherds kindled a fire, partook of their humble supper, and sat down to rest and talk, leaving one on watch. The shepherds of Judea were rough, simple-minded, tender-hearted; effects due, in part, to the primitive life they led, but chiefly to their constant care of things lovable and helpless. As they rested, they talked probably of the hard-hearted and merciless persecutions of Herod, or of their hope of a Deliverer, which had been inspired in their hearts as Sabbath after Sabbath they trod the courts of the synagogue. And as they talked, one by one the shepherds went to sleep. The night, like most nights in the hill country, was clear, crisp, and sparkling with stars. There was no wind. The atmosphere seemed never so pure, and the stillness was more than silence; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth. The sentinel was on his rounds, when a bright light breaks upon his vision and envelopes him—soft light, soft and white, like the moon's. A chill of fear smote him. He looked up, the stars were gone; the light was dropping as from a window in the sky. In terror he cried, "Awake! awake!" and the aroused shepherds sprang to their feet, but, being overpowered by the increasing brightness of the light, fell to their knees, and a voice came from the bright light, saying, "Fear not!" And they listened. "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." The voice, in sweetness and soothing more than human, and low and clear, penetrated all their being, and filled them with assurance. They rose upon their knees, and lo! angels poised in the sky, and a shining one spoke—"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord," and added, "And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And, as the radiant multitude disappeared, they chanted in unison, many times, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

The shepherds made their way to the lowly stable in Bethlehem, arriving there about the same time as the "wise men who has seen His star in the East, and had come to worship Him." In this humble place, His parents having been crowded out of the inn, Jesus, the Christ, was born, his mother being scarcely seventeen years old. Although we are not certain of the day, Christmas day is set apart as the anniversary of his birth. But why is it such a day of gladness and joy? Why does the heart of every one rejoice at its approach? Why does it represent to every one a season of happiness and peace? Because it is the day of gifts to kindred and friends, and kindly remembrance of the poor and needy. It is the season of kindly greetings and of renewed friendship, and of generous thoughts and deeds. This seventeen year old mother, under the blessing of God, in giving birth to the Christ, started the stream of "glad tidings of great joy, which should be unto all people." That stream has already widened and strengthened and overflowed, until it has enveloped myriads of our races and deluged all our hearts with its abundance of joy, until great and small pay the tribute of gladness to the Christ child. This boy when grown to man's estate, preached a new Gospel, and gave to the world the promise and prophecy of entire freedom from all that troubles, injures and destroys the happiness of mankind; and in doing this has wakened in every heart a response which has grown deeper and louder as the ages have moved on; and the Christmas that comes to-morrow is dearer than any that came before. Christmas speaks of the hopes, the joy, the rest, and the gladness of the human soul, and the ministry of the divine Christ.

"There strikes upon the midnight clear,
The glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch the harps of gold:
'Peace on earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King.'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, in wilful hate, doth not
The love song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful step and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing."

ARTIFICIAL EGGS. For a long time we have had bogus nutmegs, ham, butter, and latterly molasses has been so adulterated that traders tell us they find it impossible to procure the pure article. But here comes artificial eggs, so deceptive that even the very elect would find it next to impossible to tell the genuine from the bogus. These eggs were recently exhibited in a back office, Broadway, N. Y., to several provision dealers and merchants. The invention consisted of a number of artificial eggs, which resembled the real article so closely that none but an expert could distinguish them. The shells were made of a clear, transparent composition, and the shape was perfectly modelled. The portion surrounding the yolk was made of albumen, and the yolk itself of ground carrot and saffron. Three of these artificial eggs were placed on a platter by the exhibitor with half a dozen real ones, and the men present were told to select the bogus ones from the collection. The first expert exposed his ignorance by picking out three real eggs and declaring them to be artificial. The second, with a little better luck, owing partly to his avoiding the three selected by his unfortunate predecessor, managed to pick out two of the real eggs and one of the artificial ones. Thus with varying results each of the six men tried his skill in determining the difference between the eggs by their appearance. When each had a trial and failed, the exhibitor said:

"Now, gentlemen, you can test them in another way." A frying-pan was then placed on the stove, and in a few minutes it began to simmer. Two of the artificial eggs were picked up, their shells broken and the contents dropped into the hot pan where they soon began to simmer and sputter. A little salt and pepper, a brisk two minutes' stirring with a fork, and as fine a dish of scrambled eggs as could be prepared at a restaurant was placed before the expectant guests.

"Help yourselves, gentlemen. They are as good as the real article. Nothing poisonous or disagreeable about them."

This invitation was complied with at once, and the several verdicts were: "Delicious," "Better than the real article," "What are they made of?" "They are not artificial, but fresh eggs from the country."

"Well, gentlemen," smilingly responded the exhibitor, "whether real or artificial, I can make any quantity of those eggs at a cost of about half a cent apiece, while you cannot buy their equal for less than two or three cents. You have just had proof that you cannot tell them from the real article by their appearance, or by their taste when scrambled. In an omelette there is equally no perceptible difference, but when boiled the imposition is much more easily detected. But even then nine people out of ten would be deceived, as the only difference lies in the fact that the yolk and surrounding white portion will not harden separately as they do in the real egg. The flavor is about the same, which, after all, should be the main consideration. It is my intention to put these artificial eggs on the market soon, and my object in inviting you here to-day was to make you favorably impressed with them. I think I have done it. Good day, gentlemen."

New Sweden and its Founder.

The *Aroostook Republican* gives this interesting account of the recent visit to New Sweden of the founder of the colony there. Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., late U. S. Minister to Norway and Sweden, arrived here last Saturday afternoon, on his return from a business trip into Canada and the upper part of this county. Sunday morning, accompanied by a few friends, he went to New Sweden, where he spent the day and addressed the people of that flourishing colony of which he was the founder, and has ever been the patron and friend. In the forenoon, he spoke at the Lutheran church, which was well filled with an eager audience that had assembled in anticipation of his visit. It was an affecting sight to witness the glad welcome of the people as they gathered about him and spoke words of welcome and friendly greeting. The meeting was presided over by Mr. L. Stenstrom, who made an address of welcome, after which the choir led by Mrs. Stenstrom sang the hymn, "Fear not little flock." This grand old war song was composed by the great Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, and sung by the Swedish army the night before the battle and victory of Leutzen, in which Gustavus Adolphus fell. S. W. Matthews, Esq., was then introduced and addressed the audience briefly, after which Mr. Thomas spoke over an hour in the Swedish language The alternations of feeling manifested by his hearers, now breaking out into laughter and now with eyes suffused with tears, showed how they felt and appreciated his words. Never have we seen so appreciative an audience, and who can wonder when we consider the relations which have existed between the speaker and his hearers? Mr. Thomas called the Swedes his "children in the woods," a title which our Swedish colonists long ago gave themselves and by which they like to be called. He brought to them greetings from old Sweden, their father land, and from many friends in the land of their birth.

Mr. Thomas gave them an account of his experience in Sweden which was listened to with rapt attention, frequently interrupted by applause.

His remarks on the commerce between Sweden and the United States, were interesting and instructive.

Sweden imports from our country, pork, to the value of over $2,000,000 a year, an equal amount of maize, and petroleum, leather, grain, flour, agricultural implements, canned goods and Yankee notions to some $4,000,000 more; making in all, goods to the value of $8,000,000, which Sweden imports every year from the United States. A strong movement was made in the Swedish Diet last winter to place duties on these imports, but after a keen and exciting contest, Sweden voted to keep all her harbors open to the free import of the food products of America.

This is all the more noteworthy because a short time before, France, Germany and several of the other nations of Europe had placed high, and in some cases prohibitive duties upon the products of American soil.

At the close of the meeting the congregation crowded about Mr. Thomas like children around a long absent and loved father, and it was only after every person present had had an opportunity to press his hand and say "welcome," and "God bless you," could Mr. Thomas leave the house. Mr. Thomas and friends accepted the invitation of Capt. N. P. Clase, to dinner, where they were entertained sumptuously, and had an opportunity to witness some of the domestic customs of an intelligent and refined Swedish family. Before the meal, the youngest member of the family, a beautiful daughter of 14 years, asked a blessing. A dinner "good enough for a king," was then served, after which, according to invariable custom, in the father land, toasts were drunk to this one's "*va rofle*," to the health of host and hostess, and on rising from the table, each guest took both host and hostess by the hand and thanked them for the good dinner they had enjoyed, another good old Swedish custom. Mr. Thomas then proceeded to the Baptist church, where a crowd had gathered and had been impatiently waiting for several hours.

As Mr. Thomas entered the church the whole audience arose and a hymn of welcome was sung by the choir. The church was packed to overflowing. Not only was every seat full, but the aisles and rear were crowded by a compact mass of Swedes who willingly stood through the exercises.

The Pastor, Rev. P. A. Englund, made a few remarks, when Niles Olson, a gray haired veteran, one of the original colonists, delivered an address of welcome.

Mr. Matthews was then called upon and spoke of the good opinion in which the Swedes were held in Aroostook as citizens and as settlers.

He congratulated Mr. Thomas on the result of his labors in the Maine forests, which would ever be to him "a monument more lasting than brass."

Mr. Matthews' remarks were received with much satisfaction. Then after a hymn the pastor said his flock would hear from one who needed no introduction there. Mr. Thomas was received with rounds of applause as he stepped into the pulpit. He spoke of the present condition of Sweden, its growth, institutions and progress, and although he gave full meed of praise to the fatherland, he showed the colonists how much happier their lot was on the virgin soil of the woodlands of Maine.

He recounted to them the scenes of 15 years ago when in company with the first little colony of 50 Swedes, they had sailed over the ocean, toiled up the river St. John, and forced their way into the primeval forest. This he vividly contrasted with the present condition of the colony, where on every hand are seen well cleared farms, comfortable buildings, good roads, mills, stores, school houses, and the church with spire pointing heavenward.

After the remarks of Mr. Thomas, of which the above is a very brief condensed translation, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Englund, said he wished, in behalf of the Swedes, to give an account of their stewardship of late years. He stated that there were in the colony two churches, four sabbath-schools, and six day schools in active operation; that the colonists were universally happy and contented, and that no one of them would be induced to leave the State of Maine and cast in his lot elsewhere. He then called upon all in the audience who desired to thank Mr. Thomas for his visit, to manifest it by rising, whereupon the audience arose *en masse*. The Swedes then, as they had done at the Lutheran church, pressed forward and filing from left to right, took Mr. Thomas warmly by the hand.

We should notice particularly the excellent music on this occasion rendered by the Swedish choir with the artistic accompaniment of Mrs. Piltz upon the organ, a recent gift to the church from Mr. Thomas.

The day in New Sweden, in company with the founder of the colony, was full of interest. We could realize, somewhat, the feelings of Mr. Thomas on returning from Old Sweden, where he had represented so ably a nation of 55 millions of freemen, to this little colony of 1000 Swedes established largely by his efforts in the wilds of Maine, and we shared in the feeling of pleasure he felt and expressed on beholding the growth and manifest prosperity of the colony during the years of his absence. We will only add that Maine should be proud of the success of the colony and of the scheme which it encouraged and fostered to populate the wilds of Maine with the hardy, industrious and honest Northmen. If, as Mr. Thomas predicts, large additions from Sweden will soon be made to the numbers of this desirable class of emigrants, the "scheme" which was so long considered of questionable utility, but which has now passed the bounds of adverse criticism, will finally prove that its originator built vastly better than he knew.

Miss J. M. Williamson has a few remaining copies "Echoes of Time and Tide," by Lura Bell, which she offers for holiday gifts. There are some beautiful, tender poems in this work. Can be ordered from the pub. by mail or through her agent, Mrs. C. Emery, North End, Water St. Price 75 cts. Address J. M. Williamson, Augusta, Maine.

Mr. George G. Mann, the caterer of the Quincy House, Boston, will cater for the banquet and ball, at the Legislative Reunion.

W. P. Varney of Maple Grove, shows us a knife of curious workmanship, brought from the Holy Land by his cousin, Eli Jones of China.

Close of the Grange.

Our last week's report of the session of the State Grange, in this city, brought proceedings down to Wednesday night. Thursday, the third and last day, the attendance was hardly as large as on the previous day, as the members had begun to return home. But it was the same good-natured gathering, of the previous two days, and perfect harmony prevailed.

The forenoon session opened at 9.30 A. M., with Worthy Master Robie in the chair, and the remainder of the officers in their respective places.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted.

The worthy master announced the following committee on officers' reports and addresses: M. B. Hunt, Charles Gilman, D. M. Hall; Sisters, D. H. Thing, Rufus Ham.

On printing: Fred Ritchie, Geo. Parcher, Nelson Ham, H. H. Hart, S. H. Higgins; Sisters, D. F. Field, D. M. Hall, A. C. True.

An hour and a half was devoted to the exemplification of the unwritten work.

The report of the committee on claims and grievances was read and accepted.

An amendment to Article 1 of the Constitution, coming from the National Grange, relative to the eligibility for membership in district and county Granges, allowing only those to act in such Granges who are recommended by Subordinate Granges as qualified and worthy candidates for membership, was indorsed.

The amendment to the Constitution giving the master of the National Grange the right to vote as a member of the executive committee, was ratified.

An amendment to the Constitution making the meetings of the National Grange biennial instead of annual, was adopted. Master Robie stated that he had introduced the amendment into the meeting of the National Grange, where it had received a passage after much opposition. His objection to annual sessions was based on economical grounds.

The amendment to reduce the membership fees from $3 to $1, met with much opposition and was refused an indorsement by a heavy vote.

These amendments are passed by the National Grange and if accepted by three-fourths of the Subordinate Granges become a portion of the Constitution, but otherwise are invalid.

AFTERNOON.

Several amendments, not of public interest, were brought up and acted upon.

Hon. D. H. Thing, chairman of the committee on agriculture, read the committee's report. He reviewed the great advancement which had been made in agriculture during the last quarter of a century, and held that the vast fortunes which had been amassed, have largely been derived from the hard labor of the husbandman. The Grange, he held, should stand between the producer and absorber, to see to it that the former was rightfully rewarded for his work. The establishment of a national experiment station was advocated and it was urged that there should be a national department of agriculture, the head of which should occupy a seat only second to that of the Secretary of State. The convention was advised to accept that portion of the Worthy Master's address relative to agriculture just as it stood and the suggestions therein were characterized as wise, timely and pertinent. The worthy master was regarded as having the courage of his convictions and highly commended for his course as master of the Grange. These references to Gov. Robie were vigorously applauded. The report was accepted by the convention.

The report of the committee on officers' salaries was read and accepted.

A letter was read from Sister Rose W. Belcher of Winterport.

Hon. Edward Wiggin of the committee on education, read the report of that committee. Education was characterized as the most potent influence in elevating mankind. The free public school is one of the most important factors in educating. We would recommend a uniformity of textbooks, the abolition of the district system and adoption of the town system; that school supervisors and officers should give more attention to their duties, and every citizen should make the improvement of educational facilities a matter of personal effort. The State college was indorsed by the report and liberal appropriations for that institution recommended.

The report of the committee on mutual aid was offered. It was devoted chiefly to matters pertaining to the Patrons' Mutual Aid Society, which is an insurance organization.

The officers-elect were installed by Past Master Ham, assisted by Past Chaplain Parsons, about an hour being occupied.

At 5 o'clock a recess was taken until

EVENING.

The convention met at 7.30 o'clock when some 54 degree members received the fifth degree, it being conferred by Kennebec Pomona Grange, the process requiring one hour and forty-five minutes.

The committee on resolutions reported through its chairman, Z. A. Gilbert. The resolutions, which are not of importance to the public, were accepted.

A resolution of thanks to the railroads for favors, to Hotel North and Cony House for hospitable treatment received, and to Capital Grange for entertainment furnished, was given a passage.

Voted, That the executive committee procure the printing of a sufficient number of the proceedings of this Grange; also of the register and that the usual number of copies be sent to the Subordinate Granges.

A vote of thanks was extended to the Kennebec Pomona Grange for the admirable manner in which they had administered the fifth degree.

Mr. Thing said he believed there was never a time when the farmers in the State were so ripe for the Grange movement as now, and he urged a vigorous campaign.

The committee on good of the order reported through its chairman, J. W. Lang. The committee recommended that every master should endeavor to make the meetings of the Grange so instructive that every member will feel that he cannot afford to stay away; that every Grange should own a hall, that there should be a more active interest in education.

The worthy master was instructed to appoint one or more deputies in each county to forward the interests of the Order, organize new Granges and revive dormant ones.

F. A. Allen, of the committee on fire insurance, favored mutual fire insurance companies operated by members of the Grange.

At 10 o'clock a love feast was participated in, bright, racy speeches being made.

At 11 o'clock the convention finally adjourned. This has proved the most profitable meeting the State organization has ever held.

The prospectus is out for the Lewiston *Journal* for the coming year. Every department in this excellent paper, daily and weekly, is to be faithfully maintained, and additions made commensurate with the spirit and enterprise of its proprietors. Stories of a high literary character, from some of the best known authors, will be published this year, correspondence and agricultural matter will be given, and the news from all over the world faithfully and attractively presented. The price of the weekly, postage prepaid, is $2.00 a year. Trial trips of three months, 50 cents.

We cannot resist the temptation of giving the following vote from a valued correspondent:

Messrs. Badger & Manley: Please find enclosed two dollars in payment for *Maine Farmer* for the year 1886. I am stopping with my sons in this place. You can continue to send the *Farmer* to No. Newburgh for the present. I wish to leave it as a legacy to my family. My children have had the privilege of reading it from their childhood. I am on the verge of my eightieth year. Yours, RUFUS DAY.
Bucksport.

At the United States Fish Commission Station at Wood's Holl, Mass., great success has been attained in hatching out the eggs of codfish. The work is no longer experimental, for with the new device, invented by Capt. H. C. Chester, superintendent in charge, hundreds of millions of eggs may be hatched out as successfully and as steadily as those of shad or white fish and in the surrounding waters.

Mrs. Emma Lee Hudson, who defrauded so many of our Maine ladies, has been sentenced to one year in the Reformatory Prison for Women at Sherburne, Mass. Mrs. Hudson has victimized many people in New York and Boston.

For the Maine Farmer.
"The Golden West."

It is but a narrow place where the most of us live and work. Sometimes we remember wistfully the great world outside; sometimes we forget it entirely in the nearer, dearer joys and duties that are ours. But it is good for us to learn and know and think of what lies out of sight, whether beyond the horizon where our own dear hills touch the sunset sky, or beyond all earthly horizons. And it is especially refreshing to learn something of the great world, its work and its workers. It gives a different tone and atmosphere to our lives. I think many women and many young people neglect this kind of reading. They do not know what pleasant glimpses of fascinating places they can have through others' eyes. We need, each of us, to read of our own work, and others' methods; we need the lessons of others' experience, the helpful thoughts for still hours; we need the bright, suggestive story, the thrilling or restful poem, for evenings of weary hours. But we need other facts and suggestions, too, a change of scene and interest.

There is a book lately published by D. Lothrop & Co.,—"The Golden West"—by Margaret Sidney. She is one of the few authors who not only see, but see for us and make us see, the best there is to be seen all along the way.

A family party, father and mother and children, with two young friends—brother and sister—and with a maiden aunt from New Hampshire,—wise, earnest, and noble, —start from Boston for a trip to Southern California, hoping to thus restore the father's broken health. They are hardly on their way when the aunt proposes a "club," for study about the places through which they pass, and a daily "club-hour," for comparing notes, sharing their individual gains, and to "talk up" matters generally. The club soon includes the whole party; and an uncle is discovered, in a funny sleeping car episode, who is also bound for Southern California on a like errand. He becomes a useful "Honorary member." They begin their study in Pennsylvania, and whirling through the State, they recall its early history and local associations. The aunt has something to tell of the Pennsylvania Railroad, over which they are riding, one of the most perfect in America, with its air brakes, its block-signal stations, its track tanks. She tells of the beginnings of railroads; that perhaps the principle goes back to the time when men rolled the stones for the Egyptian pyramids along causeways made of stone. Then they stop at Pittsburg, with great iron and steel industries. Twenty thousand men are employed in its manufactories, and "there is hardly a commercial article in whose make-up iron or steel appears, that Pittsburg is not responsible for."

Then they go on again, stopping at Indiapolis and then at St. Louis, seeing the public buildings (of which, as of almost every place described, the book has fine views), learning that the former city, of a hundred thousand inhabitants, is a commercial centre and railroad city; and that the latter has thirteen trunk lines branching to all points of the compass, is a large cotton and lumber market, and was in 1881 the largest wheat market in the world.

Then comes a long chapter on Kansas, full of facts that astonish one. Here are a few of them: Kansas is as large, nearly, as New England, Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland. Somebody said that the state could give an acre of its area to every man, woman and child in the United States, and still have something left. And if each were set down, at equal distances, and bidden to shout, no one could hear his neighbor. Its fertility is wonderful, its coal deposits large, its trees various and abundant.

The party then crosses the Kansas prairies and comes to Clorado, and we are given a glimpse of the yet undeveloped resources of this State, which has lately been alluring so many from New England—its area, its gold and silver and coal and timber, its hot springs and health resorts, its parks and canons and lakes.

Thence to New Mexico, which seems like a bit of Old Mexico set down in the midst of the Union. The New Mexican cities, Las Vegas and Santa Fé, are centres where interest clusters, where tourists stop, and whence they go on sight-seeing expeditions. There are many "relics of barbarism." Among the most interesting ruins, are those of the "cliff-dwellers." Geologic changes had made great ledges, one above another, extending backward to the mountains. Within these ledges, with narrow slits for doors, and ample room within, sometimes divided into apartments, those ancient people, the Aztlex or Cliff Dwellers, lived, their rude stone walls, and the rocks from them hung perhaps their corn and grain, for bits of grain and corn-cobs have been found among these ruins—just as from the rafters in New England kitchens used to hang traces of corn, strings of dried apple, and rounds of pumpkin. Pavements ran between the houses, and pictures and hieroglyphics remain, cut in the rock, as records of those old, strange tribes.

But the New Mexico of to-day interests us most. Lovely filigree-work of silver is done there, the book tells us the process. It gives a picture of an Indian hut. Before the door a toothless, cadaverous old man sat. Within was semi-darkness. The oven was outside. Piles of boughs for fuel were on the floor of the hut. A baby lay on a rug, and played with some of the pots and pans scattered about the floor. (Happily, he would not *show* the traces of his play.) His cradle, a wicker basket lined with soft skins, hung among the rafters.

Two months of intelligent sight-seeing follow—in Los Angelos, Monterey, Oakland and San Francisco. We are told how the "Chinese Quarter," in the latter city, grew. A large building was perhaps rented by Chinamen, who immediately divided and re-let it, literally cramming it, till it almost overflowed with their countrymen. Soon the neighbors began to find the place offensive, and an adjacent building was vacated, to be seized upon and used in the same way. But there is a flourishing Chinese Mission School, perhaps we have read of it; one of the bits of leaven working out of sight.

And through the vivid pages we see the flowers and parks, the mountains, and the beach where the Pacific dashes, a watery pathway to another continent.

We who love New England best may look out so to the golden west, look through the printed pages of this book, and others like it, and get the inspiration of the enterprise of the West, the stimulus of her activities, the cheer of her fertile fields and wonderful harvests. New England has furnished much of the brain and muscle that have helped to realize some of these things, and many of our homes or neighborhoods are represented in that golden West.

OLIVE E. DANA.

A BIT OF SECRET HISTORY. Only a few days ago there died in Washington a man who had a peculiar and remarkable experience in connection with the assassination of President Lincoln. Now that he has passed away the facts are given to the public for the first time. Guests at the National Hotel in the years since the war have noticed a mild-mannered gentleman occupying the clerk's desk. He was the exact opposite of the typical hotel clerk. He was reticent almost to shyness at times, but a very popular gentleman, especially with Southerners visiting the city. The gentleman referred to is the late Thomas Harbin. Few people who looked at him imagined that at one time Harbin was the most dangerous scout in the Confederate service, yet such is undeniably the fact. During the war he had hundreds of hair-breadth escapes, but he always had the good fortune to get out unharmed. After the war closed he came to Washington. He was the intimate and bosom friend of John Wilkes Booth. On the night of the assassination Harbin was the man who procured Booth's horse and had it in readiness for him, although he did not know anything about the intended crime. After the deed was committed he realized the danger of his position. Although innocent he was sure that in the inflamed state of the public mind he would probably have to forfeit his life for an act which was in reality a mere kindness to a friend. In the rapid and searching investigation which followed he was minutely described under the name of "Wilson," and Secretary Stanton offered a reward of $25,000 for him, dead or alive. Harbin disappeared, and for a long time was absent from the city. When he came back no one thought of connecting his name with that of Booth's, and so the secret has been well kept for over twenty years, only to come out at his death.

In the Bowels of the Earth.

The water in the Susquehanna river at Nanticoke, Pa., rushed through the workings of No. 1 slope of the Susquehanna Coal Company, Friday morning, and at noon there was about six feet of water in the slope. When the water was discovered bursting into the slope there were nearly 1000 men and boys at work in the various openings, but at the particular spot where the water first appeared there were not over thirty persons at work. A rescuing party immediately commenced the work of rescuing, and the pumps were put in operation. At first but little could be done, for the water was five feet deep, and it was impossible to dig away the sand and culm which blocked the gangways. Friday evening, however, the water subsided, having all run off to the lower levels of the mine, and effective work was commenced in earnest. Two gangs of men were set to work excavating from different points toward where it is believed the men are. One gang of 60 began work from the foot of the air shaft. This is the nearest approach to where the men are, but great difficulties were encountered. There was no hoisting apparatus at the air shaft, so the men and coals were sent down by a derrick. The workers were obliged to throw behind them the material they excavated, and this hindered them greatly. The only way being blocked up at one end, they could get no circulation of air until tubes were brought and air forced through them from a compressor used for rock drills to the place where the men were at work. The rescuers went to work with the greatest possible energy. The thought that their comrades were perishing in the other side of the mass of rock, sand and dirt, served every arm with a grand strength. The gangs were relieved every four hours, and 60 men were constantly at work. Another party were making from the direction of the slope toward the same point. They had further to go, but had better facilities. The air is pure, and they had powerful hoisting engines to carry out the excavated material. Business was entirely suspended, and the colliery is surrounded by hundreds of persons, among whom are many relatives of the imprisoned men, eager to learn how the work goes on, below, and to gain a hope that their friends may be rescued. Sunday was the largest day ever experienced in that vicinity, but the work went on, the relief party working vigorously, but the imprisoned miners were not reached. At midnight they finally reached the spot where the missing miners were supposed to be imprisoned, but they were not there. They then pushed forward to another chamber with hopes of finding the missing men in a few hours. On Monday evening the work of the rescuing party was suddenly interrupted by another fall of sand, rock and culm. The men were working on a steep incline, when a vast mass of debris came crashing down, burying them with great violence. They fled for their lives, and although they escaped uninjured, several of them had very narrow escapes. The work of digging for the imprisoned men was for a time suspended, but the men could not work were afraid to enter the mine.

The excitement around the mine is indescribable. Women and children who have hardly closed their eyes since Friday, are made nearly crazy with this fresh calamity, and the screams and wails of anguish from the women rend the air, while the disheartened and exhausted miners sit around the mouth of the mine in sullen despair. Crowds of people for miles around are coming to view the scene of desolation. The town of Nanticoke is a place of universal mourning and lamentation.

At noon all hope of rescuing the 30 imprisoned miners was finally abandoned, and nothing can now be done but to dig for their dead bodies. It is impossible to describe the consternation which spread through the village when it was learned, after midnight, that all efforts to find the men alive had been abandoned. The town never saw such a sight as that witnessed after 2 o'clock Tuesday morning. No one thought of rest. The whole population was on the streets discussing the decision, and exclamations of despair, cries of agony and mutterings of discontent were heard on every street corner and in almost every household. Relatives of the unfortunate men were in an agony of despair, and several were seized with convulsions. Fannie Sarver, sister of the two Sarver brothers, was prostrated with typhoid fever, and at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning her sister told her she would die. Mrs. Kiveler, the aged mother of the three Kiveler brothers, was at death's door from weakness and shock, and many other relatives and friends of the victims were completely prostrated.

The Railroads and the Reunion.

Following is the list of arrangements with the different railroads in the State for selling tickets to the grand Legislative reunion at Augusta, in January next:

The Maine Central railroad will sell excursion tickets to Augusta from all its line at one fare the round trip.

The New Brunswick railroad will have tickets on sale at St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, St. Leonards and Edmundston through to Augusta and return at one regular fare the round trip.

The Bangor & Aroostook railroad will sell tickets at all of their stations through to Oldtown and return at one fare the round trip, and at Oldtown and Milford will issue excursion round trip tickets.

The Somerset railroad will sell tickets to Oakland and return from North Anson at $1, Anson and Madison 85 cents, and Norridgewock 50 cents.

The Portland & Rumford Falls railroad will sell to Belgrade and return at one fare, and there take the Belgrade Lakes railroad to Augusta for $1.50. Leaving Augusta and return via Waterville at one fare the round trip, although no good connections are made that way.

The Knox and Lincoln railroad will sell tickets through to Augusta and return at one regular fare the round trip.

The Franklin and Megantic railroad will sell tickets, Farmington to Strong at one fare the round trip. At Strong the excursion tickets of the Sandy River railroad will be received to Farmington and return, where Maine Central railroad excursion tickets may be procured.

The Sandy River railroad will sell to Farmington and return at one fare the round trip, and at that point through to Augusta, where tickets may be obtained.

The Rumford Falls and Buckfield railroad will sell through to Yarmouth Junction and return at one fare, and at Yarmouth Junction Maine Central tickets may be obtained for Augusta.

The Portland and Rochester railroad will sell at one fare from all stations to Westbrook Junction and return, and at that point tickets to Augusta may be obtained for Augusta.

The Portland & Maine railroad will have tickets on sale at Boston through to Augusta, to be sold only to ex-members on presentation of their invitation, and the route to be via Eastern and Maine line of their road, between Boston and Portsmouth on the Eastern, and Portsmouth, Great Falls and North Berwick on the Western

Items of Maine News.

The Penobscot river closed to navigation, Thursday, having been open 243 days.

Over forty sheep have been killed by dogs at Canton the past season.

It is thought that John Varney will be appointed Collector at Bangor.

On Monday, the 7th, Willie R. Gordon of Franklin, shot a large white deer.

The Lake Auburn Mineral Spring Company is shipping 300 barrels of water a month.

It is reported that Hon. J. D. Taylor of Cambridge, Ohio, has bought both the Dirigo and Eastern slate quarries at Monson.

A horse and sleigh valued at $400, owned by Peltiah Perkins of Cape Neddick, were stolen Saturday night.

Van Buren College, at Carbou, is now framed and boarded in. The building is a fine looking structure and commands a good view of the St. John river.

A movement is being started to tear down the Eldridge sash and blind factory in Dexter, and substitute a four-set woolen mill of brick.

The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed James W. Sterling to be first assistant keeper of the light station at Halfway Rock, Me.

The Clerk of Courts and Register of Deeds of Franklin county, now occupy their new quarters in the county building at Farmington.

Jefferson Tucker of Columbia Falls, while hunting Sunday, was fatally shot by Joseph Martin, who mistook him for a deer. Tucker is 30 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children.

John Reeves of Northport committed suicide at a hotel in Belfast, Saturday night, by shooting. Cause, ill-health and despondency. He was fifty years old or more.

Frank Irish, the Elm street blacksmith, is the heaviest man in Biddeford. He weighs just 300 pounds. He and his son Howard, who is but 16 years of age, tip the scales at just 500 pounds.

At the Sands Quarry, Vinalhaven, near Rockland, a block of granite was recently started which measures about 400 feet long, 40 feet wide, with an average thickness of 9 feet. Such a block would weigh about 12,000 tons.

George B. Chase, formerly of Maine, who shot and killed his wife three weeks ago, was indicted by the grand jury and on his arraignment at Providence, R. I., he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

David Miles, a prominent stock-breeder of Milford, was gored to death by a pet bull, Thursday. His body was mangled in a shocking manner. The animal had always been gentle. It had to be shot before the barn could be entered.

Some time ago Mrs. Freeman Lisherness of North New Portland, was attacked with severe pain in the thumb of her left hand, and despite all efforts that could be put forth to arrest the disease it was necessary to amputate the arm near the shoulder last Saturday.

The brick yard of the new mill at Madison, which was laid by the thousand, has been measured and the number of bricks computed to be over 1,300,000. The windows are all in and most of the floors are laid in the building, while the machinery is daily expected.

The members of the Monument Society of Machias, have been working hard to raise the money for a soldiers' monument. Their last fair, held a few days ago, swelled the amount to $2,000, and measures will immediately be taken to procure the memorial the Machias soldiers.

The *Dexter Gazette* says the Barron suits now pending in the estate vs. the bank, and is to compel the bank to return the $2,300 insurance money which the court has already decided the bank cannot use. This has no reference to the auditors, and is the only one before the court.

The following Maine postmasters have been appointed: At Cape Neddick—Albion Goodwin; Dover (South Mills)—Eugene S. Smith; Harrington—D. J. Nash; New Vineyard—Frank Luce; North Parsonsfield—Geo. F. Kilburn; West Lebanon—Edmund E. Cowell; Richmond—W. S. Hagar; Waynesville—J. M. Moulton.

On the evening of the 9th inst., Mr. Andrew Webster of Penobscot, a man past his three score and ten years, left his home to visit his daughter, three miles distant. In the darkness and rain he became bewildered, and his way in the woods and was out all night. He arrived at his daughter's next day in a chilled and exhausted condition.

Sunday, Mrs. Margaret Edgecomb, familiarly known as "Aunt Polly," died at North Parsonsfield, at the great age of 104 years. Mrs. Edgecomb (Fletcher) was born in Kennebunkport, Cape Porpoise, Aug. 18, 1781. She married and moved to Parsonsfield in 1810. She became a pensioner under the act of March, 1875.

Mr. Patrick McManus of Brunswick, while driving over the Bath road, was thrown out of his wagon; he was using a sliding seat and that slipping, he was thrown over backwards, falling from the rear part of the wagon, upon the frozen ground, and striking hard upon his shoulders, the back of his head being slightly abraded.

Mr. Fred E. Cotton has received his commission as postmaster of the post office in Dresden, which is called Cedar Grove. Mrs. M. A. Cotton has been appointed his assistant. The mail is brought direct from Richmond by a special carrier. The Dresden Mills mail will doubtless pass this way also, giving the inhabitants at the village two daily mails.

Reuben Seavey of East Machias, died very suddenly a few nights ago. He arose in the night to shut a door which had accidentally been left open, and not returning his wife became alarmed and search was made, resulting in the finding of Mr. Seavey lying face downward on the ground, dead. Heart disease was the probable cause of his death.

At the Lincoln pulp mill on Thursday, Thomas Hogan, one of the workmen, was running a belt over a pulley, when he caught his hand and was carried over the shaft until his arm was literally torn off at the elbow. Amputation was performed near the shoulder, but the unfortunate man is not expected to live. He was badly injured internally.

Mr. J. A. C. Mason, an old gentleman living on the Webster road in Bangor, was seriously injured while in that city, Monday. He was walking quietly through the square when a horse and sleigh came along, the animal being driven at a very rapid rate of speed. Mr. Mason was struck by the team and thrown violently to the ground, breaking several of his ribs.

Mr. Leonard Emmons, a well known contractor and builder of Saco, was struck on Wednesday, by a board thrown from a circular saw in the mill of Charles M. Littlefield. The board struck him twice, once in the stomach and again across the back. Mr. Emmons was taken home and at once took his bed and suffered terribly until Friday night, when death came to his relief.

The Grand Secretary, Geo. E. Brackett of Belfast, reports the following new Good Templar Lodges recently organized in the State: Ocean Echo, No. 157, at Southwest Harbor; Greenwood, No. 379, at Mariaville; Hero, No. 380, at East Eddington; Mt. View, No. 224, at Dixfield Centre; North Star, No. 120, at Temple; Dawn of Hope, No. 335, at Willimantic; Pond Lily, No. 330, at Shirley Mills.

The remains of Rufus Carle the miser, who died recently in Bellevue Hospital, New York city, having been found in a starving condition, have reached Camden, and have been buried. Besides the $3000 found in cash and the bank books on his person, he had $1500 more of timber land in Tennessee, said to be very valuable. It is not known how much his miserly savings from New York speculations amount to, but it is rumored that the whole will be over $50,000.

A sad accident occurred at Rockport, last week. A son of Mr. and Mrs. George Young, aged about six years, fell from a wall near the bridge and was quickly carried away by the swift current. The mother, who was sound asleep in bed, on hearing her son fall, and ran to the spot from whence he fell, but was unable to find him. The neighbors were quickly notified and search was made, but the body was not found till Tuesday morning.

A man by the name of George Homer, who has been making his home at Olamon, with John Francis, an Indian, came down on Tuesday night's freight train and went over on Indian Island, Old Town. It seems he came back again in the evening and about nine o'clock Homer, in company with an Indian started for the island, and instead of going up river a short distance, as they usually do this time of year, started directly across and fell into the open channel. Their cries for help were soon heard, and the Indian was saved, but Homer could not be found.

The winter meeting of the Maine Historical Society, was held in Portland, Tuesday. Hon. Geo. F. Talbot read a memoir of the late James S. Pike. Rev. Henry O. Thayer read a paper on the Popham colony. E. H. Elwell read a paper on the British view of the Ashburton treaty and the northeastern boundary question. A paper from Hon. Joseph Williamson, on the rumored French invasion of Maine in 1708, was read by Rev. Dr. Burrage in place of an additional facts concerning Geo. Weymouth." A paper from Dr. Chas. E. Banks, on the administration of Wm. Gorges from 1636 to 37, was read.

Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for book containing statements of many remarkable cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Beware of imitations, pretended cures and specifics and spurious preparations. Take only Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy.

Do not suffer from Sick Headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. One dose, one little pill. All druggists sell them.

Items of General News.

There was a $350,000 fire in the business part of Chicago, Sunday.

There was only one death from small pox in Montreal, Monday, and four in the suburbs.

The plant of the Western Union in New York, has been advertised to be sold for unpaid taxes.

A crank who said he was en route to Washington to kill President Cleveland, was arrested in Council Bluffs, Ia., Sunday.

The funeral of General Robert Toombs at Washington, Ga., on Thursday, was largely attended. He was a Methodist.

A terrible gale raged off the Nova Scotia coast and in the bay of Fundy, Saturday. The steamer plying between Digby and St. John did not leave port.

The preparations for the reception of Parnell in New York are on a grander scale than any Irish movement that has ever taken place in that city.

The grand jury just discharged in Salt Lake City found 68 indictments under United States laws and 42 under the territorial laws.

Medical Examiner Hamilton put off a train at Richford, Vt., a family of six, who were on their way to Lowell, Mass. They were found to be infected with small pox, and were not permitted to cross the line.

The barbed wire manufacturers, at a meeting in Chicago, Ill., on Wednesday, agreed to advance the price of all grades of their product one half cent a pound, to continue in force until Jan. 1.

The shoe-lasters strike at Brockton, Mass., has been settled by arbitration—the correct method of settling all trade disputes. The employes returned to work on Tuesday in the forty-two factories.

A terrific southeast gale, accompanied by rain and sleet, raged over the whole western section of Nova Scotia and in the Bay of Fundy, Saturday. No disasters have yet been reported.

The extent of the system of undervaluation in silks imported at New York may be infered from the statement that 22 firms have in one year endeavored to cheat the customs service out of $1,500,000.

Paul Hendricks, son of ex-Gov. William Hendricks, and cousin of the late Vice President Hendricks, dropped dead in Madison, Ind., Wednesday. He was prominent in Grand Army circles.

The U. S. Court has sustained the validity of the $370,000, which the Chicago Equipment Railway Company became endorsers for to the Merchants' National Bank of Chicago.

A terrible volcanic explosion has occurred in the Pillijuchin mine in Siberia. The accounts are conflicting as regards the number of persons killed, some placing the number at 400, while others place it as high as 1000.

A fire broke out in Hubbard's warehouse in Jacksonville, Fla., and spread to several blocks, and swept on till the losses amounted to $800,000. The owners of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Florida, were destroyed. It was the most disastrous fire that Jacksonville has ever known.

The New York aldermen have instructed the corporation counsel to memorialize the legislature for an act which will settle beyond peradventure the question whether the remains of General Grant can be allowed to rest permanently at Riverside Park.

Probably $2,000,000 in gold will be shipped from New York to London this week. Already $1,400,000 in gold bars has been engaged for shipment Saturday next to the Oregon. Brown Bros. & Co. have engaged $1,000,000 for shipment by their London agents and three other houses have engaged $400,000.

M. Pasteur of Paris, who had at first contemplated postponing until Tuesday the operation upon the children from Newark, N. J., concluded Monday afternoon, that it would be best to permit no delay. Consequently the inoculations were made immediately. M. Pasteur performed the operations personally.

New England Day at the American Exposition in New Orleans, was observed Tuesday. Speeches were made by the New England commissioners, President McConnico, Commissioner General Pitkin and others. A large crowd of prominent people from all parts of the South were present and many telegrams were received from various New England societies throughout the United States.

Saturday morning, near Whitehouse, a party of United States cavalry, under Lieut. Fountain, were ambushed by hostiles, with disastrous results. Five men were killed and two wounded. The Indians numbered 21. After the fight they headed in the direction of Clifton. This is the same band with which Lieut. Fountain had a fight on the 9th inst. No Indians are reported killed.

Fred T. Gledhill, clerk for M. N. Rich, at the Merchants' Exchange in Portland, has proved an embezzler of the funds of the Citizens' Mutual Relief Society, to the extent of $1,750. Gledhill eloped with a daughter of Mr. Perry, of the Perry House. His whereabouts are unknown, but the officers are after him. The sympathy of the people is with Mr. Rich, who is held in high respect in Portland.

First Comptroller Durham has disallowed an item of $1200 in the accounts of Norman J. Colman, Commissioner of Agriculture, on the ground that that amount was used in the purchase of seeds to aid labor and illegally charged to the appropriation for "laboratory." This case is exactly similar to that of Commissioner Loring, Mr. Colman's immediate predecessor in office, whose accounts for purchases made the same way were also disallowed.

In Chattanooga county, northern Georgia, on Monday James Startling was killing hogs and used a half-barrel hogshead as a scalding caldron, which was filled with boiling water. Startling attempted to pitch a hog into the caldron, but stumbled under the weight, fell headlong into the scalding liquid, and though lifted out instead of going up river a short distance, as they usually do this time of year, started directly across and fell into the open channel. Their cries for help were soon heard, and the Indian was saved, but Homer could not be found.

The 250th anniversary of the landing of our forefathers was observed in old Plymouth, Mass., by the Pilgrim Society on Monday. A large number of visitors and noted guests came in the morning. Services were commenced in the church of the First Parish at 11 A. M., by the reading of a hymn by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., "Hail Pilgrim Fathers of Our Race." This was followed by an invocation by Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D. A hymn, written for the celebration in 1752 by Hon. John Davis, was then read by Rev. E. S. Pitts, pastor of the Congregational church, entitled, "Sons of Renowned Sires." Rev. Brooks Hereford of Boston, read selections from the Scriptures. Bryant's hymn, "The Pilgrim Fathers, Where are They," was then read by Rev. G. H. Bates.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Maine Agricultural News.

—ANNUAL MEETING. The members of the West Penobscot Agricultural Society are hereby notified that their annual meeting for the choice of officers, and the transaction of other proper business that may come before said meeting, will be held in Exeter Mills Hall, in Exeter, Saturday, January 2d, 1886, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon. T. P. BATCHELDER, Sec'y.

Kenduskeag, Dec. 19, 1885.

—Merrymeeting Grange, Bowdoinham, has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: M., F. S. Adams; O., T. P. Whitmore; L., J. L. Brown; S., Amasa Williams; A. S., Fred Elliott; Chap., Mrs. C. Purrington, Treas., Geo. H. Blodgett; Sec'y, Converse Purrington; G. K., Isaac Wilson; Pomona, Mrs. F. S. Adams; Ceres, Mrs. J. L. Brown; Flora, Mrs. Geo. H. Blodgett; L. A. S., Mrs. Amasa Williams. This Grange is receiving accessions, and is in a good, healthy condition.

—At the meeting of the Franklin Agricultural Society, held last week in Farmington, the Trustees were instructed to build twelve good stalls for the use of speed horses, to be finished before the next Show and Fair. Mr. Craig of Farmington, called up the action of the last meeting in voting that a bull should imperatively lead a herd, and moved that that vote be rescinded. This met with opposition from Messrs. Hardy of Wilton, and Sampson of Farmington, but was carried. Mr. Craig also moved that a herd consist mostly of breeding animals with stock to prove. This was also given a passage.

—Officers of Bear Mountain Grange, Waterford: Master, S. S. Hersey; Overseer, R. H. Plummer; Lecturer, J. M. Shaw; Steward, C. S. Hamlin; Asst. Steward, W. K. Hamlin; Chaplain, W. Kingman; Treasurer, John Shaw; Secretary, Alice Stanwood; Gate Keeper, Henry Green; Ceres, M. Billings; Flora, Samantha Bell; Pomona, Ella Green; Organist, Lulu Atherton; Editress, M. Billings; Chorister, Frank Shaw.

—At its last meeting, Harvest Moon Grange, Thorndike, elected the following officers: Worthy Master, Otis Cornforth; Overseer, V. N. Higgins; Lecturer, S. N. Tilton; Steward, Joseph Gordon; Assistant Steward, L. L. Higgins; Chaplain, E. E. Ware; Treasurer, Edmund Murch; Sec'y, Olive J. Cornforth; Gate Keeper, Eben Gordon; Ceres, R. S. Higgins; Pomona, Mary Ware; Flora, Olive Rand; Lady Assistant Steward, Etta Harmon; Organist, Loulie M. Ward.

—Complaint is made in some sections that apples and potatoes are rotting badly.

—Limestone Grange gave a Harvest Supper, Dec. 4th, it being the anniversary of the order. There were several visitors from Caribou and Ft. Fairfield Granges. There was select reading by Charles Noyes and Mrs. Morris, remarks from Mr. Townsend of Ft. Fairfield Grange, and several others. The whole wound up with a grand dance. Music was furnished by V. Knowles of Ft. Fairfield. Odd as well as young tripped the light fantastic toe till the wee small hours of the morning, and all voted it a good time.

—Farmers of Penobscot county will remember the Institute to be held in connection with the Farmers' Club, at Orrington Grange Hall, Tuesday, Dec. 29, day and evening. The meeting promises to be of much interest and a full attendance is looked for.

—The Institute for Waldo county postponed on account of storm, will be held at Belmont Grange Hall, Friday, Jan. 8, with the same speakers as before.

—The annual meeting of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, will be held in accordance with the by-laws and published regulations at Readfield, on Monday, Jan. 4, A. D. 1886, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Matters of unusual interest will be presented for the consideration and action of the Society. It is therefore desirable that all members be present and participate.

H. O. NICKERSON, Sec'y.

Readfield, Dec. 26.

—Can you tell me through your paper of some breeders and dealers in Small Yorkshire hogs? Would like to correspond with some reliable dealers. H. B. COOLIDGE, Sec'y Franklin County Agricultural Society.

"*Mt. Baldwin Farm,*" *Farmington, Dec. 21.*

Will some dealer inform our correspondent through our advertising columns?

—Mystic Tie Grange, No. 58, elected their officers for the ensuing year with the following result: W. H. Cookson, M.; Lanson Downs, O.; Dr. E. W. Perry, L.; Dell Cookson, S.; M. G. Hussey, A. S.; Lizzie Nevin, Chap.; Mrs. Lanson Downs, C.; F. Beath, T.; W. C. Spratt, C.; Loren Fitz, G. K.; Mrs. W. H. Cookson, Ceres; Mrs. Lanson Downs, Pomona; Mrs. E. W. Perry, Flora.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. Rev. O. W. Rogers, a former pastor of the Congregational church in Farmington, now pastor of a church in Iowa, was recently presented with $1000 in cash by his parishioners. Rev. Mr. Shirley has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational church in New Gloucester. At the meeting of the Aroostook convocation of the clergy of the Episcopal church, held in Presque Isle, a few days ago, Rev. Hudson Sawyer of Houlton, was elected Dean, and Prof. G. S. Atwood, secretary. Sermons were delivered by Rev. Mr. Sawyer, on missionary work in Aroostook county; Rev. Mr. Rowse on the benefits of the Holy communion, and Prof. Atwood on Christian Personality.——Rev. Dr. Hinckley, pastor of the Baptist church at Eastport, has received a call from Massachusetts. The church in Eastport has voted to ask him to continue his pastoral relations another year.——At the Congregationalist church at South Gardiner, Wednesday of last week, Jacob Horton was ordained as pastor of the church. The sermon was by Prof. J. S. Sewall of Bangor. Rev. Mr. Skeele of Augusta, took part in the exercises. The great receipts of the two fairs (Universalist and Congregational) held within one week of each other in Brunswick, were $720.87.——Rev. O. S. Giles, late of Lewiston, has been engaged as pastor of the Free Baptist church as Richmond.——At the M. E. church, Livermore Falls, the quarterly meetings just held were seasons of refreshing. The reports showed that the church is in a prosperous condition. There has been a steady increase of attendance at all the services. Revival meetings have been held for the past three weeks, and several have expressed a hope. Eugene T. Pottle, a sister of the Bates Theological school, supplies the pulpit of the Free Baptist church in Hallowell.

Died in Sherman, Dec. 6th, of diphtheria, Edith E., daughter of Fannie and Elisha Heath, aged 18 years, 4 months. Miss Heath was away from home when the terrible disease broke out in her family, and despite the remonstrance of friends, hastened home to render assistance. She made a profession of religion about a year ago, and has up to the date of her death been a devoted christian, her last moments on earth were an example to many older christians, and proved to our minds beyond a doubt, that there is a reality in religion, and that in teaching us how to live it teaches us how to die. A short time before her death she arose, prepared for the grave, prayed earnestly for all, and bade them good-bye. She was a cheerful, loving, generous girl, highly respected by those who knew and loved her.

M.

Bishop J. J. Moore, of the African Methodist Church, took occasion to tell an audience in Fort Mill, S. C., that he was born a slave and carried into Pennsylvania and freedom wrapped in his mother's skirt. The other children were lost, one being Dicie Clawson, a sister. One of his sister's daughters was present and related the facts to her mother, who remarked that her mother had carried her little brother Benjamin in the same way. The pastor of the church said on hearing this, that Bishop Moore was formerly called Benjamin Clawson, but had changed his name to J. J. Moore. "He is my brother," said Dicie at once. Shortly after the two were reunited, after a separation of over 70 years.

Messrs. Curtis, Davis & Co., makers of the "Welcome Soap," have issued a panel picture showing two beautiful young ladies, and appropriate surrounding scenery. Beautiful in this case means a beautiful physical development—strikingly in contrast with the dudish and vulgar style adopted by some manufacturers. These pictures are being adorned with costumes representing different seasons, occupations, and customs of dress and nationality. The copyright for these has been applied for. Any lady can secure the "Plain Picture," and dress it to suit her own taste, by mailing 25 Welcome Soap wrappers to Curtis, Davis & Co., Boston, Mass.

The ultimate end of all cooperative life associations is clearly illustrated by that of the Mutual Life Endowment and Benevolent Association of America, which had its headquarters at Fort Worth, Texas, and division offices at Greenville, S. C., and San Francisco. After having collected over $1,000,000 from the class of people who can least afford to lose a dollar, it has suspended payment with only $14,000 on hand. Julien Field, Postmaster at Fort Worth, was President. The failure was caused by a loss of confidence among the members, who stopped the payment of assessments and dropped from the ranks. The satisfaction at seeing these concerns that dispense sham life insurance one after another meet their inevitable doom is tempered by the thought of the many worthy people that have pinned their faith on them, and when the collapse comes are physically ineligible to membership in rightly conducted companies.—*Boston Standard.*

Forty-Ninth Congress—First Session.

In Senate, Wednesday, among the bills introduced and referred were the following:

By Mr. Teller, to provide for the free and unlimited coinage of silver dollars.

By Mr. Ingalls, to provide for determining the existence and removal of inability of the President to discharge the powers and duties of his office.

Mr. Hoar's presidential succession bill was debated at length.

The time of the House, on Wednesday, was consumed in a debate on the rules.

In the Senate, Thursday, Mr. Hoar reported from the committee on privileges and elections, a bill providing for the meeting of Presidential electors and the counting of the electoral vote, and the disposing of all questions connected therewith. He will push this bill as soon as the Presidential Succession Bill and that fixing the salaries of United States district judges is out of the way. John H. Mitchell, the new Senator from Oregon, was sworn in. The question of Dakota's action in forming a State legislature, was brought up by Mr. Butler of South Carolina, and the Territory's course defended by Mr. Harrison of Indiana.

In the House, two new Presidential succession bills were presented by Mr. Dibble of South Carolina, and Mr. Randall of Pa., and the discussion on the revision of rules was continued. Mr. Dingley of Maine presented memorials of 150 citizens of Boothbay, 201 citizens of North Haven, 54 citizens of Matinicus, 38 citizens of Monhegan, 75 citizens of Southport, and 61 citizens of Hurricane Isle, all protesting against the creation of a commission having authority to enter into any preliminary arrangement with Great Britain to admit Canadian fish free of duty. The memorials were referred to the committee on Foreign Affairs when appointed.

In the Senate, Friday, Mr. Butler called up his resolution of inquiry into the alleged organization of Dakota into a state. A discussion ensued. Mr. Logan and other senators claimed that the action of Dakota was not revolutionary, and she only initiated the course of other States. Senator Frye introduced measures relating to bureaus of the Navy department, and to the appointes as heads of departments of the United States army. The senate adjourned till Monday.

In House, Friday, in a debate on the rules, by a vote of 226 to 70, the House voted to reject Mr. Hanumond's amendment, to reject that portion of the report which distributes the appropriation bills, and finally adopted the report *in toto*. These rules empower a majority of the House to determine what business shall be taken up, distribute the several appropriation bills, with four exceptions, among the committees of the House, and prohibit general legislation in the form of riders, in the appropriation bills. It is believed these new rules will expedite business considerably, transfer the practical control of the House from two-thirds of the number to a majority, spread a wide knowledge of the affairs of government among the members, by putting them on the several appropriation committees with other committees, and prevent much of the mischief which has been done by juggling with the appropriation bills in the last hours of sessions. The rules reported by the committee were adopted with a few unimportant amendments, the House refusing by a large majority to reject the rule relating to the appropriations. This was a sore defeat for Mr. Randall.

In House, Saturday, Congress was invited to visit the New Orleans exposition Dec. 29. Select committees were created on shipping, the liquor traffic, and on the election laws to kill and strengthen the party. A great many people say so. 25c. dealers.

If you want good and healthy bread use Church & Co.'s Arm & Hammar Brand Soda or Saleratus. It is the best in the world. To insure obtaining only the Arm & Hammer Brand Soda or Saleratus, it is left to buy in Pound or Half-Pound Cartoons, which have the name and trademark on them, as inferior goods are sometimes substituted for the Arm & Hammer Brand when bought in bulk.

At McPherson, Kansas, the other day, biscuits were made from flour ground from wheat that was standing in the field ninety minutes before.

A Wonderful Remedy.—DR. SITSBEE, an eminent physician of 25 years practice, has discovered the "ANAKESIS," an absolutely infallible cure for Piles. Samples sent *free*. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 3416, New York.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, In General Debility and Emancipation, is a most valuable food and medicine where the appetite is poor, and the ordinary food does not seem to nourish the body. This is easily digested and assimilated and gives strength and vigor to the enfeebled body.

A California lion, which measured six feet from tip to tip, was killed the other day near San Rafael. It was a monster of its kind, and had been committing serious depredations on stock.

Skilled physicians indorse Adamson's Botanic Balsam as the safest and most effectual remedy for coughs and colds ever discovered. Sold by druggists and dealers at 35 and 75 cents.

The Queen of Roumania

has written three articles, giving glimpses of the country over which she reigns, for the YOUTH'S COMPANION.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Fiyan & Co., 167 East 125th St. New York, will receive the recipe free of charge. 18eow

Know Thyself by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

The Superior Court in this city, is now hearing court cases, the jury having been discharged on Saturday.

Before finally selecting Christmas gifts, don't fail to visit Partridges' drug store, under Granite Hall, for tasteful and appropriate goods at reasonable prices.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, Dec. 22.

Amount of live stock at market—Cattle 780, Sheep and Lambs 4555, Swine 18,275, Veals 00, Horses 268, number of Western Cattle 780, Canada Cattle 00.

Prices of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs live weight—Extra quality $6 00@6 25; first quality $5 25@5 87½; second quality $4 25@5 12½; third quality $3 50@4 12½; poorest grades of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 00@3 37½.

Brighton Hides 8@8½c per lb; Brighton Tallow 5c per lb; Country Hides 7c @ 8c per lb; Country Tallow 3c per lb; Calf Skins 10c per lb; Sheep and Lamb Skins 85c@$1 10 each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

By Number.	Price per 100 lbs live wt.	Live wt.	Average wt.
A. N. Monroe	15 5 00	"	1306
do	15 5 00	"	1293
do	15 5 12½	"	1327
Farrell&McFlynn	4 5 25	"	1290
do	5 5 25	"	1350
do	7 4 75	"	1150
do	6 5 30	"	1230
do	11 5 15	"	1180

There has been a light supply of Cattle brought in from the West the past week, and the quality of the larger portion of them which were offered for the butchers' trade was of a common and ordinary grade of beeves, selling at prices ranging from $4 75@5 50 per 100 lbs live weight. Several of the best lots were intended for the export trade. Trade opened dull and the supply of Cattle, though light, was full as large as the demands required,

SHEEP AND LAMBS. The supply from the West was light, nearly all owned by butchers, a few hundred head only being for export, Sheep costing from 3½@5c, Lambs from 4½@6½c per lb live weight landed at the yards.

SWINE—Western Fat Hogs are costing butchers from 4@4¼c per lb. live weight landed at the slaughter houses, all owned by butchers. During the past week Messrs. Squire & Co. slaughtered 10,000 Hogs at their establishment in East Cambridge.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, Dec. 22.

FLOUR. There is a moderate demand for Flour, and no material change in prices. Spring wheat patents are offered at $5 50@5 85; and winter wheat patients at $5 40@5 75 per bbl. Michigan Flour is quiet at $4 65@4 75 for stone ground, and $4 75@5 for rollers. Ohio, Indiana, St. Louis and Illinois rollers are selling at $5@5 40; and best do at $5 50@5 75 per bbl. Western common extras have sold at $4@4 15; western superfine at $3 25@3 75; medium extras at $4 15@4 40; and choice extras at $4 40@4 65 per bbl. Corn Meal is unchanged at $2 30@2 40 per bbl. Oat meal at $4 50@4 75 for fine, and $5@5 25 for cut. Rye Flour at $3 25@375 per bbl.

GRAIN. Corn is in light request and easier. Steamer mixed at 50@50½c, and 49@49½ for mixed, and no grade ranges from 47@39c per bush, as to quality. Oats are quiet and weak, with No 1 white and barley at 43@43½; No 2 white at 40@40½; No 3 white at 39; and mixed at 37@39 per bush as to quality. Bran is selling at $16 50 for spring, and $17@17 50 for winter; Fine Feed and Middlings at $18@22; Cotton Seed Meal at $26 on spot and $24 25 to arrive.

PROVISIONS. Prices for all kinds are without material change. For Pork there has been a fair demand with sales of mess at $10 50; extra prime at $9 50@10; and clear and family at $11 50@12 00. Beef is quiet, and we quote mess and extra at $8 50@10; and plate and family at $10 50@12 50 per bbl. Lard is selling at 6¾@7c per lb. Smoked Hams are 9½@10c per lb.

PRODUCE. Butter is firm and quiet. We quote extra Northern creamery at 27@28c, choice at 23@25c, and good to choice at 17@22c per lb. Western creamery is held at 26@28c extra, 25 @28c for choice, and 15@20c for good to choice. Extra Northern dairy sells at 23 @24c, and choice at 18@19c; Western dairy at 18@20c for choice, and 10@15c for fair to good. Vermont creamery is held at 28c for extra, and 15@18c for good to choice. Cheese is firm and there is a fair demand, with sales of extra at 9¾@10c, choice at 8¾@9c, and common to good at 5@8c per lb. Eggs are in moderate demand with extra Eastern at 27@28c, fancy at 29@30c, New York and Vermont at 25@26c, Western at 23@24c, Michigan at 24@25c, and Nova Scotia at 26@27c per doz. Beans are quiet and steady, and we quote Northern at $1 80@1 85, New York at $1 70@1 75 and medium at $1 75 per bush including hand-picked. Canada Peas are selling in bond at 85c@$1, as to quality. Potatoes are quiet and easier and we quote Rose at 55@60c, Hebrons at 50@70c per bush, and sweet at $2 00@2 62 per bbl. Dried Apples are dull at 2@3¼c per lb. Green Apples are firm with No 1 Baldwins selling at $1 75 per bbl. Poultry is easy and in fair demand, with choice Northern and Eastern Turkeys selling at 15@16c; Western Turkeys at 12@14c, and Chickens at 13@14c per lb.

HAY. Choice grades are in demand at $19@20 and medium command $16@18 per ton. Rye Straw sells at $17@18 50 per ton.

Augusta City Market.

[Corrected weekly for the Farmer.]

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 23.

APPLES—$1 25@1 50 per bbl.; dried, 4@ 5c per lb.; evaporated 7@8c per lb.

BEANS—Pea beans $1 75@1 80; Yellow Eyes $1 75@2 00.

BUTTER—Solid Firkin Butter sells for 16@18c; Ball Butter 22@24c.

Cheese—9½@10c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 50 per cwt.

EGGS—27c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@6 50; Patent 7 00@7 50.

GRAIN—Corn 62@65c; oats 40@45; barley 75c. Rye $1 00.

HAY—$15 00@17 00.

STRAW—Loose $6 00@8 00; pressed $6@8 10.

HONEY—Choice Aroostook 16@18c.

HIDES AND SKINS—Ox hides over 90 lbs, 7—c; bulls and stags, 5c; calf skins, 10c.

LIME—Rockland Extra—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $2 00.

LARD—Tierce 6¾@7; Dom. 7¾@8c.

MEAL—Corn 63@65; rye 85@90.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 55c per bu; cabbages, 1c per lb; squash, 1c per lb; turnips, 40c per bushel; beets, 40c per bu.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 6½@7c; beef per side 8@8½c; ham 9@9½c; fowls 8@10c; hambs 5c; mutton 4@5c; veal 7@8c; chickens 12@14c; Turkeys 14@18c; round hog 5@5½c.

SHORTS—1¼c per lb.

Choice apples are in good demand; choice Hubbard squashes are in steady demand, and light supply; choice lots of potatoes are firmly held at quotations. There is a very good demand for poultry; turkeys are being disposed of at about the range of prices quoted. Chickens and fowls are very plenty with prices ruling lower. Beef is in full supply and has a dull sale.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 23.

APPLES—Per barrel, $2 00@2 50; evaporated, 8@11c; dried Western, 3½@4½; do sliced, 4½@5c.

BUTTER—18@20 for choice family; Vermont, 21@23c per lb; creamery, 24@25c.

BEANS—Pea, $1 85@2 00; Yellow Eyes, $1 65@1 75.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, new, 10@11½c; N. Y. Factory, 10@11½c

COAL—Stove and Egg, $5 50@6 00.

FLOUR—Low Grades, $3 25@3 50; Spring X and XX, $3 60@3 75; Michigan Winter X and XX, $4 75@6 00; Roller Michigan, $5 25@5 50; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 75@6 00.

FISH—Cod Shore, $3 25@3 50; bank, $3 25@3 50; Scaled herring per box, 14@18c; Mackerel per bbl, Shore No 1, $19 00@21 00.

GRAIN—Corn, car lots, 58@59; cats, 41@42c; cotton seed, car lots, $24 00@25 00; cotton seed, car lots, $26 00@27 00; sacked bran, car lots, $18 50@19 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $19 00@20 00; middlings, car lots, $19 00@20 00; middlings, bag lots, $20 00@24 00.

PROVISIONS—Chickens, 12@15c; Turkeys, 17@20c; fowls, 9@12c; eggs, 26@27c; potatoes, 50c per bush; extra beef, $10 00@10 50; pork backs, $13 00@13 50; clear, $12 50@12 75; hams, 9½@10c; covered, 10½@11½c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 23.

APPLES—per barrel, $1 00@1 50.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $1 40@1 50 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $1 70@1 75.

BUTTER—Best, 21@22c. per lb.; fair to good, 17@18c.; good, 19@20c. per lb.

EGGS—27@27c per doz.

GRAIN—Oats, 32@35c. per bush; corn, 61@63c.

HAY—$13@15 per ton; best bales, $14@16.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 38@43c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog per lb., 5@6c.; chickens, 12@17c.; fowl per lb., 8@12c; Turkeys 17@20.

Watertown Cattle Market.

TUESDAY, Dec. 22.

MARKET BEEF—Receipts of cattle, 548; choice, ——@——; extra, 8 00@0 00; first quality, 7 00@7 50; second quality at 5 00@6 50; third quality, 4 00@4 50.

STORE CATTLE—Working Oxen per pair, $100@235; Milch Cows and Calves, $25@48; Farrow cows, $15@30; fancy, $50@80; yearlings, $10@17; two years old, $14@18; three years old, $24@40.

SWINE—Receipts, 11,895; Western fat, live, at 4@4½c; northern dressed hogs, 5c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts, 2570 head; in lots, $2 00@3 50; extra, $4 00@4 50. Lambs, 4@6½c. Veal Calves, 3½@6½c.

Augustus Bailey of Gardiner, has been appointed notary public, and George Howard of North Lincoln, trial justice.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Dec. 22.

CATTLE—Receipts, 4,400 head; shipments, 1900; stronger; sh

Poetry.

The Angel's Mission.

The angels cluster'd 'round Jehovah's throne and
sang his praise:
And heaven rang with myriad strains of joy.
Here roses bloom'd, and bloomed for evermore;
And lilies twin'd among the snow-white robes;
And from the golden crowns flash'd dazzling light.
Just as the ripple of a stream of gems—
And yet, among the Blessed was one sweet soul that
yearned for earth,
And so her song was sad;
All that she lov'd on earth were left behind— and
"would they meet her here?"
Then spoke the Christ and said, "Dear Love!
Dost thou then weary of my home so soon?"
Then paused awhile, and read her thoughts, for He
Well knew her soul was cleansed from sin, and
pure—
And then, while heaven took new beauty from his
smile,
He said:
"Now go ye forth upon the earth once more, for
three long months,
And all you bring with you shall enter here, among
the Blessed."
And, bending low to kiss the Saviour's feet, with
wings outspread,
The angel earthward sped toward those scenes
where all the lov'd once dwelt.
Then, entering in their hearts, she sang of rest and
whisper'd of the glories of the sky:
But only for awhile they heard her song; they had
no faith;
For earth's cares sang the self-same theme
To various tunes in fitful argument,
And all were right; or thought that they were right,
For each believ'd he sang the words and song
That Christ had sung. And so,
The angels song appeared, like all the rest,
A new diversion of the Christian creed.
And three long months the angel strove in vain, but
none would heed.
And Summer fled, and Winter came on earth and
"mid the snow
There dying lay an orphan outcast child—and to its
soul
The angel sang her song, and in her arms
She took the child and with it heavenward flew,
And at the Saviour's feet she laid it there,
And with her tears she bathed his feet, and cried:
"Send grace dear Lord, for without grace
All Faith is dead, then may I see
My loved ones yet, dear Lord, with thee?"
And when on earth there grew a lily white
Lo, snowdrops blossom'd where the child had died.

Our Story Teller.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

Christmas Eve, and a wild storm of snow and sleet sweeps down from the mountain, and drifts through the valleys, and loads the forest trees with new beauty. Their heads are bowed as if in silent prayer, their arms uplifted, or swayed by the fierce wind, seem imploring for mercy. The fences are fast getting out of sight, and the cottages and farmhouses, with their white paint, can scarcely be discerned in the general whiteness that encompasses earth and sky. Down it comes, sweeping to the sea-board, and through the cities. It is a wild night. Grown people shrug their shoulders, and little children cast frightened glances at the windows and doors, as the wind roars in the chimneys, and shakes the houses, and tries to come in through every crack and crevice it can find.

Christmas Eve, and the bright lights stream out from many a stately mansion, and cheer the solitary passer-by. Strains of music, sometimes too, fall on his aching ears, and warm his heart a little as he trudges through the storm, and if there is a small Christmas gift, hidden away in his rough coat-pocket, that also adds a little more warmth to the kind heart, and helps the poor traveller on his way most wonderfully.

In beautiful, happy homes, little children are entertaining high hopes for the morrow. Row upon row of many colored stockings are hung up for Santa Claus to fill, while lovely Christmas trees lurk in ambush, waiting for the precious fruits which shall be gathered from their laden boughs, on the morrow. Kind parents and friends are very happy, busy people this stormy Christmas time. God bless the loving hearts everywhere, that once, at least, in the year, try to make somebody glad, because of One who loved little children.

From out the churches streamed light and warmth through the richly-stained glass windows, and jubilant and grand pealed heavenly music into the night, and all because of One who loved little children, and said, "Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Stores, great and small, showed their most enticing wares, on this wintry night, for the benefit of belated customers, and where all was so bright and beautiful it was hard to decide what to take, and what to leave.

Johnny Chipps was not long in deciding, however, what to take for his little boy. A nice warm pair of mittens was what the smaller Johnny needed, and all his father was able to buy, so these were bought, and the heart and fingers of little Johnny were to be made glad on the morrow.

Little Paul and Lizzie Van Derwent, pressing their faces against a window pane in their comfortable, happy home, could look directly into the home of their opposite neighbor, where the gas had not yet been lighted, nor the window shades drawn down, but where the coal fire in the grate throws its ruddy glow over everything in the room. The carpet took on brighter hues, the picture-frames appeared like burnished gold, and the crystals that fringed the chandelier flashed like diamonds,—how pleasant and cheery it all looked as seen through the driving storm!

Little Lizzie is so charmed with the view that she grows quite fanciful and says to her brother:

"Oh, Paul! don't you wish we could see a beautiful love scene over there at old Mr. Gruffle's?"

"Poh!" replies the little man, "You don't know old Gruffle, or you wouldn't think of such a thing. He doesn't love anybody but himself, and what sort of a love scene would that make, I should like to know?"

Lizzie does not know; but still she thinks the scene not quite complete where no love is.

Mr. Gruffle, sitting in his luxurious den, growling to himself, like some unhappy animal, hears nothing, of course, that his young neighbors are saying, but hears a timid knock at his door.

"Bother!" growls Mr. Gruffle.

Now bother is not such a very bad word as compared with some others; but one is exploded by Mr. Gruffle, it was enough to send terror and consternation into the heart of a little child.

By this time old Mr. Gruffle had lighted the gas and opened the door. There stood a timid, shrinking little girl, covered with snow and sleet, her poor clothing scarcely protecting her at all from the driving storm. There was such a piteous look upon the thin face, you would have thought no smile had ever visited it to make sunshine for anybody in this world. She seemed like a little shadow child.

As soon as the poor child could get breath and courage, she looked up at the hard face before her, and said:

"Please, sir, will you give me the money you owe mother for your washing?"

Mr. Gruffle gave a terrible growl, and asked:

"What does your mother want of her money, that she sends you out on such a night?"

"Mother is sick, and we have no fire nor food."

Mr. Gruffle, with a somewhat milder growl, produced the money. It was but a little; but what would it not do?—a basket of coal, a bundle of wood and some bread and tea, their usual fare, all these needed things could now be bought,—and with a lighter heart the poor child thanked Mr. Gruffle, whose rough sneers and growls had smote on her ear like a blow, and pierced her heart like a javelin. So with the tears trickling down the pale face, she stepped out of the sumptuous room into the pitiless storm.

Mr. Gruffle had seen the silent tears, and, somehow, he did not feel any happier for them. He poked the fire most viciously, and the number of "bothers" and other bad words that he projected into the unoffending fire was perfectly terrific.

Poor Mr. Gruffle! he was very much to be pitied. Little Lizzie, over the way, might have helped him if he would have taken the advice of such a baby.

Mary Lee, swallowing her grief as best she might, her head bent low on her bosom to shield her face from the storm, took her sad way to her sadder home. Her mother, now a wreck of what was once a beautiful and happy woman, lay moaning on a bed of pain. Hardship, sickness, sorrow and want had almost finished their work. No fire burned on their desolate hearth; no light cheered the poor habitation; no food nourished the shrunken form; but loving sorrowing little Mary would bring these much needed things presently. And so she did, and going to the bedside to cheer her mother with the sight of her purchases, so soon as she could fill and light a lamp, she saw that her mother was very sick. The glittering eyes, and shuddering breath, and flaming cheeks, so sunken and thin, are strange to the poor child, and the tones she besought her mother to take a little tea or bread. There was no answer to her cries.

"Oh, mother, mother!" sobbed Mary. "What shall I do?"

The laboring breath was all her answer. Quick as she can, Mary throws her poor shawl over her shoulders and runs out into the darkness and bitter, blinding storm to find the wretched father, who is seldom at home with his family.

Faster beats the storm against upon the defenceless head, faster the poor little feet fly over the untrodden snow, stopping now for breath, now blind with tears, now falling exhausted, she fights her way to Innside. With a sick, throbbing heart, poor little Mary opens the door of the spacious saloon and enters its glowing portals. There is no lack of good cheer to be seen. Temptation and ruin are on every side, and as the heat and gas and suffocating smell meet the child's senses, she nearly falls to the floor. Summoning courage, however, she asks the big, red-faced proprietor of the place, "Is father here?"

"No, he hasn't been for a long time, and you had better step along too, or you will go the same way; don't want any loafers here."

Her heart sinking within her, Mary turns once more to the door. Just then the two daughters of the proprietor of Inside step from their carriage, clad in soft, warm furs, and attended by a fine young gentleman who has escorted them to the theatre and back, and throws wide open the door of the saloon. The sight of poor, famished children hanging about the place, waiting for their wretched parents, was no new one to these daughters and their friends. At once the gentleman leveled his small talk at the pitiful little creature who was vainly trying to pass out of the room. Gentleman, did I say? God forgive me!

At last poor Mary flies from the hated place. Faster through the beating storm, blind with bitter tears, with all her love and sorrow, she labored on to find the father whose manhood and fatherhood were wrecked long ago on the awful shoals of intemperance.

The blinding snow falls thick and fast. Mary has left the more frequented streets of the city, and is crossing a bridge. The waters flow darkly and angrily beneath her, but she heeds it not. Now and then a policeman passes her and the frightened child gathers up her strength and speeds on. Again, some poor, besotted creature takes his uncertain way across her path, at which her sobs burst forth afresh, "Father, father, mother, mother!" O what anguish fills the loving heart as the thought of these dear ones comes to her. Her strength is fast failing as she nears a fine church, and resting a few minutes upon the cold stone steps, she hears a voice as from heaven, singing, "Come unto Him, ye who labor and are heavy laden, and He will give you rest."

Rested and soothed by the loving words and sweet music, she gathers herself up and goes on, but her poor little heart finds the sweet music with the pity and comfort in it which she so much needs, "Come unto Him all ye who labor and are heaven laden and I will give you rest."

The way is all strange to Mary now. She does not know where she is, only that she is lost, painfully and more painfully groping her way out where the houses were farthest apart, out into the suburbs of the great city. Mary knew she was lost; but what is this obstructs her path? She kneels beside it, this thing in human form lying so stiff and cold. Gracious Heaven! it is her father.

Calling upon him by every loving and tender name her poor heart cherishes for him, she chafes the cold hands, she throws her arms about his neck, and sheds her tears and kisses upon the senseless face. It is of no use. This poor, misguided, unbefriended man has gone. Mary takes off her shawl and wraps it around her father, and hoping that she can get some help, turns back again towards the straggling houses she passed on her way. Far off she sees a bright light shining from a window. She will go for help. Weak and trembling the weary child retraces her faltering steps. She nears once more the beautiful church. The light shines through the painted windows and the organ peals forth its joyous music, because Christ was born. Presently, you live near, if you will lead the way I will call and see your mamma."

"Oh, will you truly?" the child cried, a smile of pleasure lighting up her little face for an instant, "mamma will be so glad to have a real lady caller, for no body but the alley folks call now, and she doesn't like them. They get drunk sometimes, and fight and swear and frighten us awfully. We didn't always live where we do now. When papa was with us we lived in part of a nice lady's house on a quiet street, but after papa went away mamma got sick and poor, and we had to move to the alley."

Gladly the little watch vender led the way, and in a short time, after climbing three flights of dirty, rickety stairs, your grandmamma and auntie Fan were shown into a great dark room, which answered for kitchen and bed room at once.

"Have you come back so soon, darling? I am so glad you did not have to stop long out in the cold," a low, tender voice murmured as the door closed to after them.

"Yes, I have come back already, mamma, and brought you two callers too; a kind lady and her little girl. have come to see you."

The sick woman turned her face from the wall and looked at them. And oh, such a sad, pale face as it was! Nearly an hour they remained there with the sick woman and little Amy, and before their departure your good grandmamma placed six shining gold dollars into the sick woman's wasted hand, and auntie Fan had bestowed upon little Amy a goodly share of her purchases. The next evening was Christmas eve, and as soon as we had had our supper I hung up my largest stocking under the dining room table, for you did not hang hers up when I did mine, but later on, just before we were called to go to bed, she slipped into the room and hastily pinned up one of little Dan's, our baby brother. About half past ten Santa Claus arrived with his numerous budgets of candles, fruits and toys. And mamma, who sat in the next room rocking baby Dan in her arms, overheard his talk.

"Why, what does this mean?" he said, in surprise, "only two stockings here, Susie's and one of little Dan's. Where can Miss Fan have hung hers, I wonder. She must have forgotten it or hung it somewhere else. But I will fill these and then hunt for it."

After filling mine full to the brim, he took down Dan's little blue stocking.

"What a cute thing it is to be sure," he said with a smile, "and it is inside out too." And turning the tiny thing right, a folded note fell out of it. "Ho, ho!" he said, "what's this?" And unfolding it he read aloud:

"DEAR SAINT NICHOLAS: To-night you will please only fill one of little brother Dan's stockings for me. You have always given me lots and lots, but I don't want you to this time. I want you to take my share to a poor little girl named Amy Anderson, who lives in the alley. Her papa is dead, and her mamma is very sick; and she told me yesterday that you forgot her last Christmas. But don't slight her to-night, please, that's a dear, good Saint Nick. I know you shouldn't have enough to go round, you needn't leave me any. I shall not be cross at you if you give her all my share. I hope you will be able to find her. She lives in the alley off B. street. That is all I know. Good by. / FANNIE WARNER."

Great tears were in Santa Claus' eyes as he folded the note and put it in his pocket. "What an angel that child is," he said, brushing the tears away. "Oh, if there were only more like her there would be more of joy and less of sorrow in the world. I have plenty for you both, my dear. Amy shall have a big stocking full and shall you little girl." Then going into the next room he got two of mamma's longest stockings and filled them full as they would hold with the best he had. Then he wrote names and kindly messages on cards and fastened one to each of the stockings—one for Amy and one for Fan."

"I will leave it here," he said, "and Miss Fan can deliver it in the morning. I cannot stop longer, for I have a very terrible storm. But Fan will see that she has it early in the morning, I know, bless her little heart." And placing some dolls, sets of dishes and picture books upon the table, he quit the room.

The next morning the storm was over, and it was quite warm, and papa got a horse and sleigh and drove mamma and I and Amy's home, and guess her what Saint Nicholas has left at our house for her. And mamma said if ever there was a happy child, Amy Anderson was on that morning. And Santa Claus had not forgotten her poor sick mother either, for she had lots of presents too.

At noon when uncle Daniel returned from carrying Amy and her mother their Christmas dinner, which mamma had sent them by him, he brought back the joyful news of the return of Amy's papa. He was not dead after all, but had been shipwrecked, and ill for a long time in a distant hospital, and had just been able to find them.

That is all; now run away and play. And remember your promise, not to ask for another story until to-morrow."

Choice Miscellany.

The Family.

Next to the individual comes the family. So important is this factor in society that many regard it as the basis, the unit. God has set the solitary in families. The theocracy of the Old Testament has merely a family basis of government. Whatever its relative position in social order, its manifest power is acknowledged by all. Christ's teachings concerning the family are clear and concise. Social life depends upon well regulated family relations. The basis of these relations is marriage. The perpetuation and permanence of the race depends upon this bond of union. Infidelity declares the danger and doom of all loose systems of marriage in his teaching concerning divorce. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." It is ever a timely utterance. One of the evil tendencies of our national life is the shameless nullification of marital vows. The claims of modern advocates of divorce are based upon marriage simply as a civil contract or provisional agreement. A thousand flimsy complaints are made the basis of separation. Each State makes its own laws to satisfy the matrimonial inclinations of its own citizens. A convenient ferry-boat or limited express laughs at law-makers. Alarming statistics have caused thoughtful social reformers to consider the question of a national law. The ideal family in Christ should be the foundation of such a law. Marriage is a divine institution, higher than civil enactment. Unlimited divorce is unnatural as well as unscriptural. Christ interprets the law in its deepest sense. Divorce for aught save adultery is contrary to divine law and social order, and marriage after such divorce is adultery. History teaches the same lesson. Rome's brightest annals were written when her homes were pure, her women mothers, her husband's faithful, and divorces unknown. The Church should stand with Christ upon this matter. The family influence in the home is an important factor in social progress. He who loved the vine-covered cottage of Bethany while upon earth, has multiplied such homes by his spiritual presence since he ascended to heaven. The homes of Christendom are the beacon lights of the world. Such homes are buttressed in loving self-sacrifice, the spirit of true life. Mutual help and loyalty akin to his in its ministering power pervade all hearts. Government by love and obedience with reverence from love are kindled by the spirit of Christ. The dignity of man, the respect for woman, the affection for children mark the trail of Christian light. Heathenism has no homes. Women, with rare exceptions, are held as slaves or toys of men. Children, especially girls, are unwelcome intruders. How can society be anything but degraded where there are no homes of purity and peace? Christ has given Christendom the home. Woe unto society when selfish love of ease or fashion pollutes that ideal, and seductive voices of sensual sin, clamoring for license under the garb of liberty, win the soul from the pure teachings of Christ.

A Touching Story.

Among the emigrants who arrived at Castle Garden the other day, was an old woman bent with age. She had lived the allotted three-score years and ten, and her feebleness made her an object of universal pity. On the steamer she occupied stifling quarters in the steerage, but her companions were kind to her, and the voyage was made as endurable as possible. She said that her name was Janowski, and that she came from Cracow, Poland. She told an interpreter that she had a daughter somewhere in the States near the Atlantic Ocean, but where she did not know. The government officials finally decided to send her back to Poland, under the law which prohibits the landing of emigrants who are likely to become public burdens. The old woman protested, but in vain. The day for sailing arrived, and she was told that she must go on board of the vessel. Age made her helpless, and she sank upon the rude wooden seats and cried as if her heart would break. An official gathered up her bundle of clothing, when the shawl which was wrapped around it became loose and the clothing fell out. An envelope, torn and soiled, fell on the floor, and the official picked it up. It bore the postmark of Newark, N. J., and was addressed to the old woman in Cracow, Poland. "Where did you get this?" asked the interpreter of the old woman. "My daughter Jennie sent that," she replied sadly. "She is my only child, and all that I have on earth." It was decided to take Mrs. Janowski to Newark, and endeavor to find her daughter. A gentleman who had become interested in the old woman, volunteered to go with her, and next morning they started. Arrived at Newark, inquiries were made, and a brewwoman was found who said she knew Jennie very well. "Come this way, I will show you," she said. The trio proceeded up Canal street until they came to a frame house, in front of which a crowd had assembled. "Jennie is to be married to-day," said the guide. "The ceremony is just being performed." The old woman forced her way through the crowd in the narrow entry. In the next room the wedding guests had assembled. The bride, attired in a dress of spotless lawn, trimmed with fresh daisies, stood beside the groom, a fine looking young Hebrew, awaiting the words which would make them one. A commotion was heard in the hallway, and as the guests at the door separated, the bride uttered a cry of "Mother!" and the old woman rushed into her arms. The scene between the mother and daughter was very affecting, and tears of joy were shed at the nuptial feast.—*The Evangelist.*

Bloodhounds in Texas.

Every gang of convicts in the State, inside and outside of the walls, is provided with three or more trained hounds, sometimes bloodhounds, but more ordinarily common deerhounds, for they are hardier and stand the work for which they are trained much better than the blooded stock. It is simply surprising to see how perfectly these brutes are trained and how well they understand their business. The hounds of the Huntsville penitentiary are kept outside the prison walls at what is known as the State farm.

"And these are the brutes we read so much about?" I remarked to the superintendent.

"Yes; they are the famous bloodhounds —that is, as much bloodhounds as you will find in Texas. They are simply deer or fox hounds, trained to hunt men."

"Do you keep them shut up all the time?"

"Yes; we do that to make them fierce and to keep them away from the convicts. They would make it lively for the boys if they had their freedom."

"Is there much difficulty in training bloodhounds?"

"We do not consider it difficult, but on the contrary, I believe the guards consider it sport. It will only require a few moments to show how it is done."

A convict or "trusty" was sent down through a large field with instructions to climb the fence and make a detour through the timber of a couple of miles, coming out in just the opposite direction from where he started, and returning to the farm through a small stream, which he was compelled to wade. It required some twenty minutes for him to make the trip, and when he was seen to emerge from the other side, and it was certain he could get back in safety, the hounds were turned loose. They were shown the trail, and they started over fields, through marshes, over fences and other obstructions with the speed of deer. In the meantime the "trusty" had returned, and was directed to climb a tree some 300 yards distant from where we were standing. He did not require a second bidding, for the yelp of the hounds could already be heard in the distance. Soon they appeared at the edge of the timber and sprang over the fence without stopping. The trail was not lost for an instant. When the small stream was reached they crossed it with a bound, and the next moment more they were under the tree, yelping at the convict, who sat in the branches looking down at the brutes, and smiling at the fact this was simply a training run and not a reality.—*Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Man Who Was Mixed.

"Really, but I hope you will excuse the intrusion," said the shabby looking man as the insurance agent looked up.

"You are excusable. What did you want?"

"Well—you see—I'm a bit mixed. Was it Napoleon or Washington who crossed the Alps?"

"Napoleon, of course."

"Just so—thanks. I was inclined that way myself, but yet I knew that Gen. Washington was always scooting around and he might have taken it into his head to cross the Alps. Good day, sir."

He passed down the hall thirty feet, and then returned and protested:

"Say, don't think ill of me, but I am still mixed up—dreadfully mixed. Will you answer me one more question?"

"Yes."

"Was it Nero who commanded the sun to stand still?"

"No; it was Joshua."

"I had an idea that it was Joshua, but I didn't dare to put my money on it. Nero was always fiddling around, you know, and I had a dim idea that he might have taken a whack at the sun. Very much obliged to you, sir."

This time he went half way down stairs and returned on tiptoe. The agent looked up and saw him in the door and shortly queried:

"Well?"

"Mixed again," pleaded the stranger. "Say, I want to ask you just one more question."

"Yes."

Did you ever lend a man a dollar to help him on his way to Columbus to see his dying wife?"

"Never! You are thinking of Old Diogenes. He used to shell out to every deadbeat who came along."

"Mixed again, by thunder!" muttered the man, and as he passed down stairs he took great pains to keep his feet down on each step like a man who had bet and lost.

Swindling the Farmers.

The speech made by ex-Senator Hamilton of Maryland, at a farmers' exhibition at Shepherdstown, W. Va., recently created something of a stir in the Patent Office. Senator Hamilton charged that the most frauds committed against the farmers in the issuance of patents for agricultural machinery than there were in any other department of the government. He understood that Senator Hamilton intended his remarks to relate to plows, threshers, wire fences, and driven wells.

It has been contended for a long time that the Patent Office has been too liberal in granting patents for everything that the farmer must use, and that there is a combination between certain manufacturers of agricultural implements and employés of the Patent Office which operates directly against the farmer. The policy of the Patent Office has been in the past, it is claimed, to increase the receipts of the office as much as possible by issuing as many patents as they can, regardless of the question whether they are of value or contain new ideas. This policy has operated directly against any other class of users of patent machinery. Senator Hamilton when in Congress was a member of the Committee on Patents, and agitated unsuccessfully for several years a reform of the Patent Office and its practice.—*Grange Bulletin.*

Things Worth Knowing.

A pace is three feet.
A span is 10 7-8 inches.
One fathom is six feet.
A palm is three inches.
There are 2,750 language.
The average life is 31 years.
Two persons die every second.
One mile is 1,760 yards in length.
A storm moves 36 miles per hour.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
One square mile contains 640 acres.
One barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
One barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
Slow rivers flow two miles per hour.
One acre contains 4,840 square yards.
Rifle balls move 1,000 miles per hour.
A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.
Light moves 192,500 miles per second.
A hand—horse measure—is four inches.
Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.
Moderate winds blow seven miles per hour.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

The first steam engine was brought from England in 1753.

The first almanac was printed by George von Purbach in 1460.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was done by the hand spinning wheel.

The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

"Go like hot cakes"—Ginger-snaps.

There is a temptation to the man who keeps thoroughbred stock in the racing season which a minister should not voluntarily assume.

A reverend gentleman of Morristown recently had occasion to visit Brockville on business, and the health officer on his return insisted that he should be vaccinated. To this he submitted quietly. On his arrival home his friends asked him why it was the world he did not tell the officer that he had had the small pox. "I declare," said he, "I forgot to state that fact to him."

Didn't see the point—The boy who sat on a bent pin.

It is said that "if a gentleman discovers a lady standing under the mistletoe, he has a right to kiss her." For the benefit of bashful discoverers it should be added, that they are not obliged to do it.

A California man has a defect in his eyes which causes him to see every object multiplied nineteen times. He would be a treasure in a thousand ways. What a man to take the Chicago census.

A philosopher borrowed a dictionary to read and returned it after he got through, with the remark that "it was werry nice reading but it somehow changed the subject werry often." It was his sister who thought the first ice cream she ever tasted was "a leetle touched with the frost."

The fact that the poet is born, not made, relieves our educational system from a serious responsibility.

"What do you think of Mr. Thompson, ma?" "He seems to be very nice, but I would not encourage him if I were you." "Why, mamma?" "He has red hair, and red-headed men are always deceitful." "But papa has red hair." "Well, not quite red, child. It's red enough, though."

When Hamlet heard that a factory in Michigan turns out 2400 washboards every day, he exclaimed, "Ay, where's the rub?"

"Sir, can you give a poor man a quarter?" "Why are you asking alms, my man?" "I have just come from Spain, sir; I am an earthquake sufferer." "But you are not a Spaniard; you speak good English." "Oh, as to that, I speak Spanish, but since the earthquake my Spanish is so broken that I am ashamed to converse in it."

F. H.

Besides the names indicated in their little letters, those who have answered correctly the problem of Frank M. Bayley, are as follows: Paul and Lizzie Van Derwent, John K. Thistlewood of Alexander, Fannie Lancaster of Corinna, Mabel L. Kenniston of Amherst, Alice V. Jameson of North Warren, Eliza H. Curtis of Sprague's Mills, Eugene Hardy of Madrid, Florence Hall, Paul of Kittery Depot, Ida C. Spofford of Milton Plantation, Lula M. Knowles of Corinna Centre, J. H. S., of Calais (Box 225), Willie G. Brown of North Searsmont, Lizzie Bean of Presque Isle, Julia C. Towne of Monson, Nina S. Thompson of Mattawamkeag, Wealthy L. Fisher of Belfast, Nellie Mae Leland of Enfield, G. B. M. S., of Palermo, Leroy E. Tarr of Wayne.

EDITOR.

Mr. Editor: As I have seen my pieces in print I thought I would venture again. I am going to school now, it is taught by Ralph Wadsworth; I study arithmetic, geography, grammar, reading and spelling. We have a young school. It is taught by A. H. Mason; I think it is very nice. I admire the children's column very much. My birthday is the 30th of this month, I shall be 13 years old. The answer to Samuel C. Hall's riddle is an egg. Yours truly, Mary A. Bailey's question is 5 miles, 1300 yards. ELLA SPRING.*

South Hiram.

Mr. Editor: I am a boy 12 years old; I live on a farm in Wayne. My father takes the *Maine Farmer*. I am much interested in the children's column. I go to school; I study reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic and grammar. Will answer Samuel C. Hall's riddle by asking another: As I was going through a field of wheat I picked up something good to eat, it was neither fish, flesh nor bone; in three weeks it ran alone. LEROY E. TARR.

Wayne.

Dear Editor: Please say to Frank M. Bayley that I got for an answer to his problem, 15 ladies and 17 gentlemen. Bertran's, the longest verse is the 9th verse in the 8th chapter of Esther. A. B. Packard, there are 773,746 words in the bible. The 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet, and the 21st verse contains all of them except J. Samuel, the answer is an egg. EDITH A. DAVIS.

Warren.

Mr. Editor: My father takes the *Farmer*, and I like to read the young folks' column very much. I have never tried to write before, but would like to say I think the answer to Frank M. Bayley's problem is fifteen ladies and seventeen gentlemen. If this be correct, shall be pleased to receive the Christmas card.

Jonesboro'. LLEWELLYN H. WHITNEY.

Mr. Editor: My father takes the *Maine Farmer*; I like it very much. I would like to send a conundrum. What is it that God never saw and kings seldom see, but man sees every day? I am thirteen years old.

Princeton. RUFUS STINCHFIELD.

Young Folks' Column.

Willie's Christmas Prayer.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and golden-haired
Willie
Knelt down to his evening prayer.
He'd been thinking all day—now don't call him
silly—
Of old Santa Claus driving a pair
Of the cunningest reindeer, with toys a big sleigh
full,
And smiles on his broad face bewitching and play-
full,
Swooping down through the keen snowy air.

And while "Now I lay me" he whispered, in fancy
He saw the bright vision again.
Toys, reindeer, old Santa Claus, all at a glance he
Recalled as he ended; and then
With troops of glad hopes through his little brain
flocking,
He prayed, "And let Santa Claus fill my stockings
Just as full as he can. Amen."

Jumping quick into bed, the dear little fellow
In a jiffy was sound asleep.
When, lo! all at once a clear light, soft and mellow,
Began through the chamber to creep,
But Willie saw nothing save piles of nice candies,
Drums, trumpets, tin soldiers, and queer jack-a-
dandies,
That danced through his slumbers deep.

Yet still, when the beautiful light, like a glory,
Fell full on his face as he dreamed,
He saw from the fire-place, as in the old story,
Dear Santa in his course come—so it seemed;
And he laughed—in his sleep—as the funny old
chappie,
So round and so rosy, so jolly and happy,
Upon him with gentle smile beamed.

But when, with a wink, the dear, merry old fellow,
With hair and long beard white as wool,
All sorts of nice things—red, green, blue and yellow—
Began from his pockets to pull,
Willie woke from sheer joy, and, behold! it was
morning,
And there hung his stockings, the chimney adorning—
And *none* one had crammed them chock full.

A Christmas Roast.

Clarence and Charley Van Dorn lived upon one of the great prairies of the West. Clarence was six, and Charley five years of age. As a general thing, they were very happy, merry little boys. On this particular Christmas morning of which I write, they thought that they were very unhappy. Santa Claus had failed to bring them a single thing. The day before as father Van Dorn was preparing to start for town with a load of corn, they had partly overheard a conversation between him and mother Van Dorn, in which candy, nuts, and scarfs were mentioned. They had seen father shake his head and heard him say, "Corn only fifteen cents a bushel, can't fiddle it away." And when upon his coming home, he had handed mother a spool of thread with the remark, "It cost almost a bushel of corn," they came to the conclusion that if Santa Claus depended upon corn as a source of revenue, there would be a great many empty stockings that Christmas.

Another grievance was that father and mother were invited to neighbor Dawson's to a Christmas dinner, and "the boys" though included in the invitation, were to be left at home with sister Florence, without as much as a sniff at a turkey.

Florence was sixteen, and fully capable of managing them under ordinary circumstances. She was to bake a chicken and make some pop-corn balls, which last would be almost as good as nuts and candy.

Father's parting instructions were: "No shuck out some corn for the mules, and keep out of mischief." So with a deep feeling of the responsibility that rested upon them as the men of the house, and stable too, they took a basket between them and started for the cornfield. Although it was Christmas there was no snow upon the ground, and the great forty-acre field of corn was not nearly gathered. All the way they were busily discussing a plan to put the corn in a bag, and make old Jenny, one of the mules "pack" it to the stable on her back. Clarence was the more discreet of the two, as he had already had one experience with Jenny's "high heels," the did not care to have it repeated. So they tugged the basket to the stable, (which was made of poles and straw,) and set it down in front of the mules, who immediately set up such a braying that the boys felt obliged to give them each an ear of corn, and then another and another, until the basket was in a fair way to be emptied entirely.

While thus engaged they found several small, unripe ears, which they declared would make splendid "roas'en years." They laid them down beside the basket, and just then a familiar voice called them to dinner. The chicken was perfection, and so were the pop-corn balls. It was one o'clock before they came to the stable again. They gave Jenny and Pete the remainder of the corn. "Now for our roas'en ears," said Clarence, "Let's build a fire back of the stable, where Flo can't see it, and roast them ourselves." They soon had sticks and cornstalks collected, and the two naughty little boys stole into the house for a match. Florence was up stairs, and hastily snatching a match from the box, they ran back. Quickly the slender flame that was to do so much mischief was blowing up. The corn was laid where the fire blazed the brightest. They were both too busy turning and watching it, to notice that the fire was creeping stealthily through the grass towards the fodder. The old woman protested, but in vain. The day for sailing arrived, and she was told that she must go on board of the vessel. Age made her helpless, and she sank upon the rude wooden seats and cried as if her heart would break. An official gathered up her bundle of clothing, when the shawl which was wrapped around it became loose and the clothing fell out. An envelope, torn and soiled, fell on the floor, and the official picked it up. It bore the postmark of Newark, N. J., and was addressed to the old woman in Cracow, Poland. "Where did you get this?" asked the interpreter of the old woman. "My daughter Jennie sent that," she replied sadly. "She is my only child, and all that I have on earth." It was decided to take Mrs. Janowski to Newark, and endeavor to find her daughter. A gentleman who had become interested in the old woman, volunteered to go with her, and next morning they started. Arrived at Newark, inquiries were made, and a brewwoman was found who said she knew Jennie very well. "Come this way, I will show you," she said. The trio proceeded up Canal street until they came to a frame house, in front of which a crowd had assembled. "Jennie is to be married to-day," said the guide. "The ceremony is just being performed." The old woman forced her way through the crowd in the narrow entry. In the next room the wedding guests had assembled. The bride, attired in a dress of spotless lawn, trimmed with fresh daisies, stood beside the groom, a fine looking young Hebrew, awaiting the words which would make them one. A commotion was heard in the hallway, and as the guests at the door separated, the bride uttered a cry of "Mother!" and the old woman rushed into her arms. The scene between the mother and daughter was very affecting, and tears of joy were shed at the nuptial feast.—*The Evangelist.*

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We have been selling your CUTICURA REMEDIES for the past three or four years, and have never heard aught but good words in their favor. Your CUTICURA SOAP is decidedly the best selling medicinal soap we handle, and is highly prized here for its soothing and softening effect upon the skin.

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